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AUGUST 17, 1979

RRY BROWN
D A BAD WEEK TOO
—See page 1031

National Review

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By LENNART FRANTZELL
Special to National Review

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VOTE IS UNANIMOUS AFTER SPIRITED DEBATE

By WILLIAM P. CHESHIRE
Special to National Review

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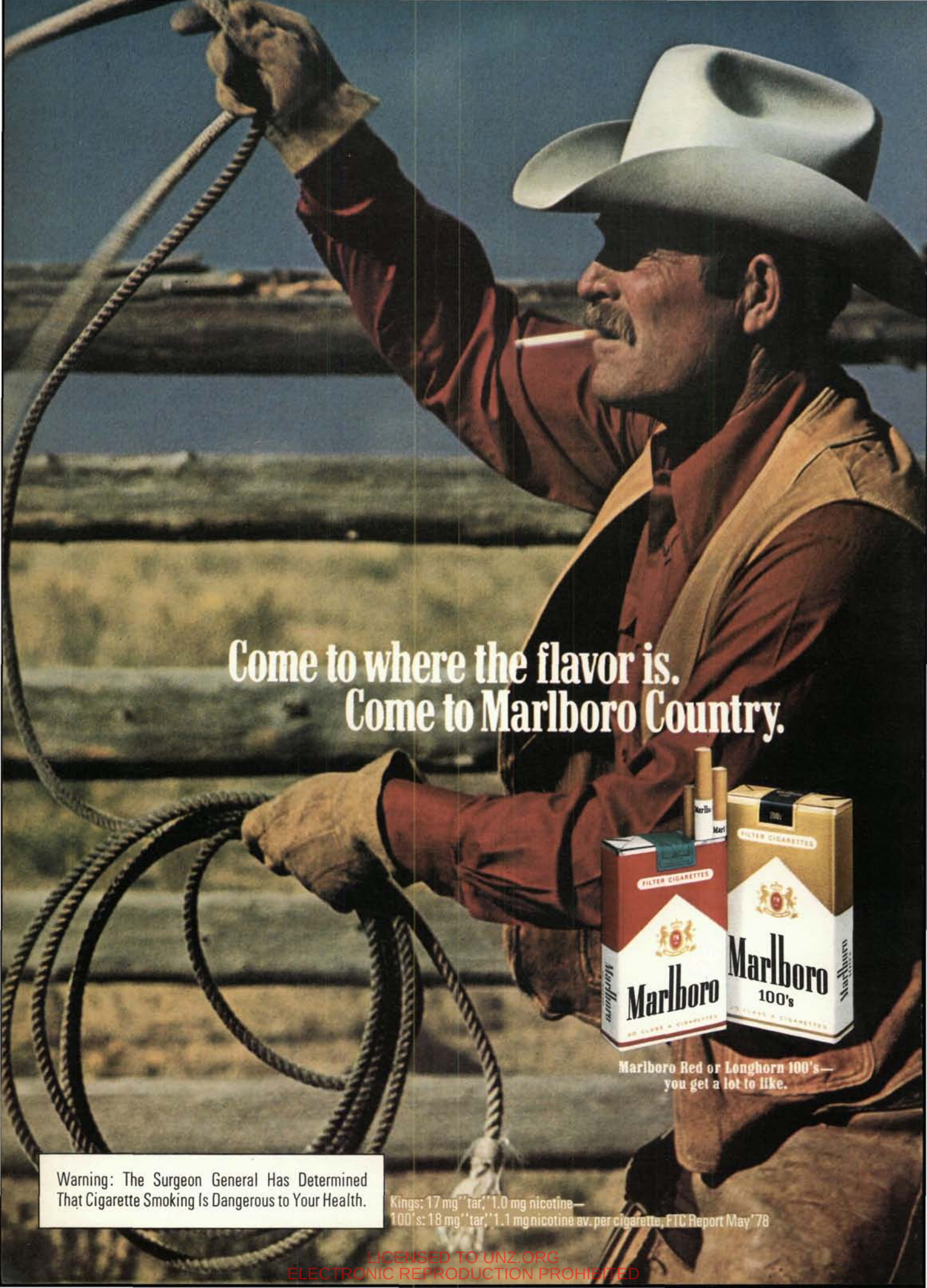
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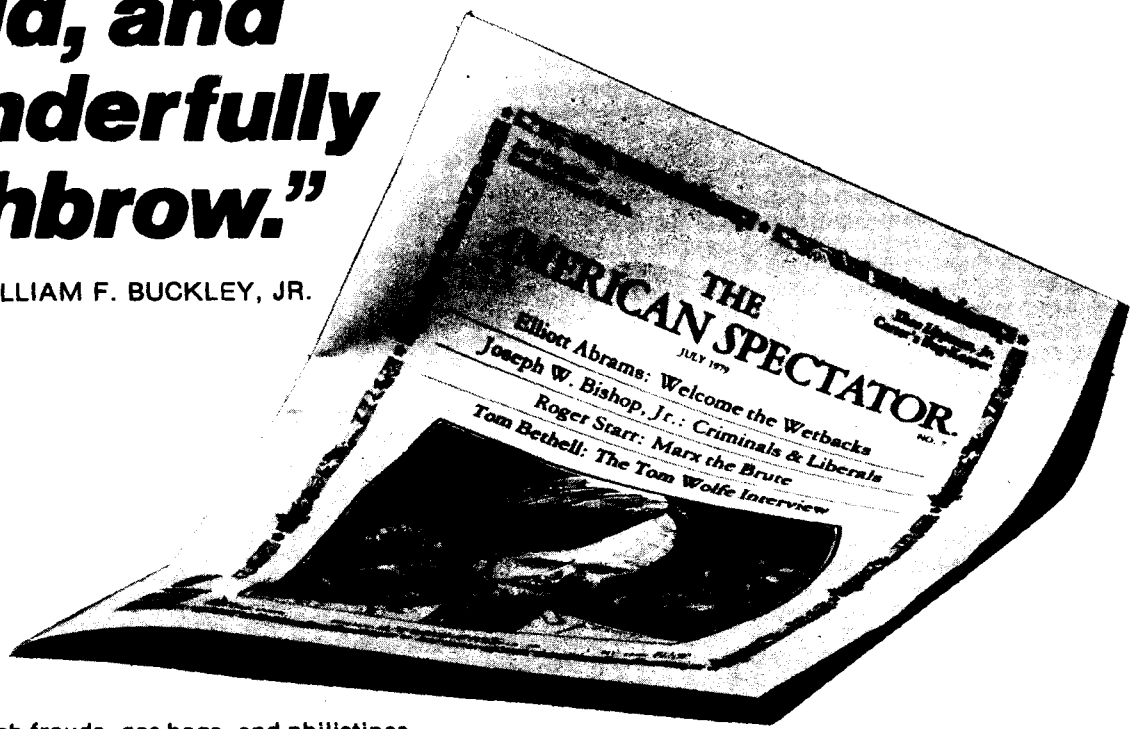
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Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.: Criminals & Liberals
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Tom Bethell: The Tom Wolfe Interview

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AUGUST 17, 1979
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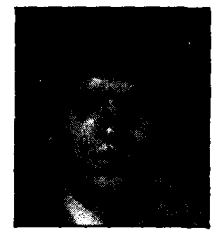
FRANTZELL
Page 1019

CHESHIRE
Page 1020

SENESE
Page 1024



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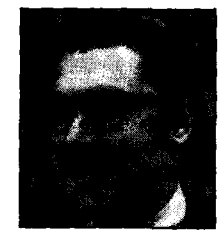

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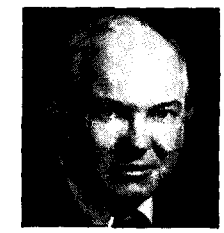

KILPATRICK
Page 1050

ARTICLES

1019 **The Last of the Pimpernels**
Raoul Wallenberg was a heroic young Swede who saved thousands of Hungarian Jews from the Nazis—only to be arrested by Soviet "liberators." His fate remains a mystery. The Soviets insist that he died in 1947. But some think he is still alive, deep in the Gulag Archipelago. *Lennart Frantzell*

1020 **The Imperial Press**
How many Americans knew about Myron Farber's book contract? Orlando Letelier's Cuban ties? the food riot in Novocherkassk, USSR? These are among the stories suppressed by the nation's press itself—even as it has claimed increased power in the name of our "right to know." Can the press withhold such information and remain a credible—let alone responsible—social force? Its current demands for privilege, suggests a veteran editor, may in the long run undermine its legitimate freedom.
William P. Cheshire

1024 **Indexing the Tax System**
Inflation not only guts your dollar: it pushes you into a higher tax bracket. A reform movement, happily, is under way.
Donald J. Senese

1026 **A Meeting with the Vins Family**
Score one more for detente: when the family of Georgi Vins arrived in this country, the exiles who were waiting to greet them discovered that the Carter Administration was being most cooperative—with the Soviets.
Arkady Polishchuk

1031 **Governor Brown Had a Bad Week Too**
His appointees have stirred the wrath of voters and legislators, he trails even Jimmy Carter in the polls, and his days may be numbered. *Philip Nicolaides*

1034 **The Jog-Alongs**
Used to be you'd just go out and jog. Now you have to have a uniform and pedometer. *Basta!* *Nicholas King*

1035 **Lost or Merely Forgotten?**
Many of our MIAs in Vietnam surely fell in action. Others, however, are known to have been taken alive. Their families are having problems getting through to Hanoi—or even Washington. *Paul A. Gigot*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1042 **The Problem of Punishment**
Walter Berns argues *For Capital Punishment*—with the emphasis on *punishment*.
Francis Canavan, SJ

1044 **Memoirs of Maximum John**
Judge Sirica, liberaldom's favorite hanging judge, offers the definitive version of the Sirica Legend. *C. Dickerman Williams*

1046 **A Life Misplaced**
Elizabeth Hardwick recalls her *Sleepless Nights*. *David Evanier*

1046 **The Poet as Public Nuisance**
Was Milton a nicer guy than we think? So says Christopher Hill. *Aram Bakshian Jr.*

1047 **Homage to Patagonia**
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid once holed up there, as, eons before, did the Giant Ground Sloth. It's still a fascinating place. *Nika Hazelton*

1048 **Tremendous Trivia**
Summer cinema fare: Dracula, 007, and other assorted kid stuff. *John Simon*

1049 **Tube Politics**
Televised glimpses of feminism, Nicaragua, anti-Catholicism. *M. J. Sobran*

1050 **Passage to Alaska**
Ah, what a cruise: no phones, no TV, no band, no pool, and the food's great.
James J. Kilpatrick

1008 **For the Record**
1032 **Help!**
1039 **The Lawmakers**
1040 **From the Continent**
1052 **Dark Horses**
1056 **On the Right**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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We asked Americans:

'How Soon Can America Run on Solar Energy?'

Because Union Carbide's business depends on energy, our future growth depends on national policies which bring about reliable, long-term energy supplies from many sources, including solar. Since public attitudes help shape public policies, we commissioned a survey which included this question:

"Would you say that solar energy would actually supply major amounts of energy within the next five years for the following items? Within the next ten years?"

	Five Years Yes	Ten Years Yes
Heating and cooling private homes, apartment houses, office buildings and the like	57%	79%
Meeting the energy needs of factories	42%	67%
Providing power for cars	24%	45%

Source: May 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc. ("Don't knows" not shown.)

Most Americans think we will be relying heavily on solar by the 1980's.

With the price of conventional energy sources increasing and their supply uncertain, most people want America to rely more heavily on solar energy. Solar has a bright place in the nation's energy future because it offers a relatively clean, safe alternative to dwindling supplies of oil and natural gas. But how realistic are the public's expectations of how *soon* solar will be a major factor in the nation's energy picture?

Solar energy may still be 20 years away.

The goal of President Carter's recently proposed solar program is for 20 percent of the nation's energy to come from solar sources *by the year 2000*. Other analyses also place solar's contribution in this range—also by the year 2000. And while 79 percent of those questioned in our survey expect solar to supply major amounts of energy for heating and cooling within ten years, only 21 percent of the homeowners in the poll consider themselves highly likely to replace their present systems with solar units within this period.

Why does solar seem so imminent in the abstract and so distant in practical reality? At least part of the reason for its distance is cost. A photovoltaic system capable of supplying the electricity needs of a typical home directly from sunlight currently costs about $80,000, according to some sources—more than 20 percent higher than the median sales price of houses themselves in the spring of this year. And solar collection panels and other devices for space and water heating often offer only modest fuel cost savings relative to their installation costs.

Solar's real contribution may not come until new solar technologies bring its costs down and market pressures bring the cost of conventional energy sources up. Clearly we have a long way to go before the curves cross.

How do we get there from here?

A 1978 study by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment found that the best way to stimulate the development of solar technologies would be to remove price controls and other subsidies on conventional energy sources. Union Carbide agrees that such policies would provide a big boost for alternative energy technologies for the future—and provide the incentives for conservation and development of domestic oil and gas needed for the present.

Union Carbide believes that solar will play an important role in America's energy future, even if that contribution is further into the future than most of us would like to think. A silicon material we've developed under a contract with the Department of Energy, for example, will eventually help lower the cost of photovoltaic cells.

But as a company involved in this aspect of solar development, we realize that the economics and technologies that make solar energy practical are still some years away. Union Carbide believes that the President's decontrol of domestic crude oil prices and proposals to accelerate the development of solar technologies are major steps in speeding the growth of solar's contribution to the nation's energy needs.

This advertisement is part of a continuing series on public opinion and national concerns.

For more information, write for a complimentary copy of the national survey, "Public Attitudes on Energy." Address: Energy, Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-18, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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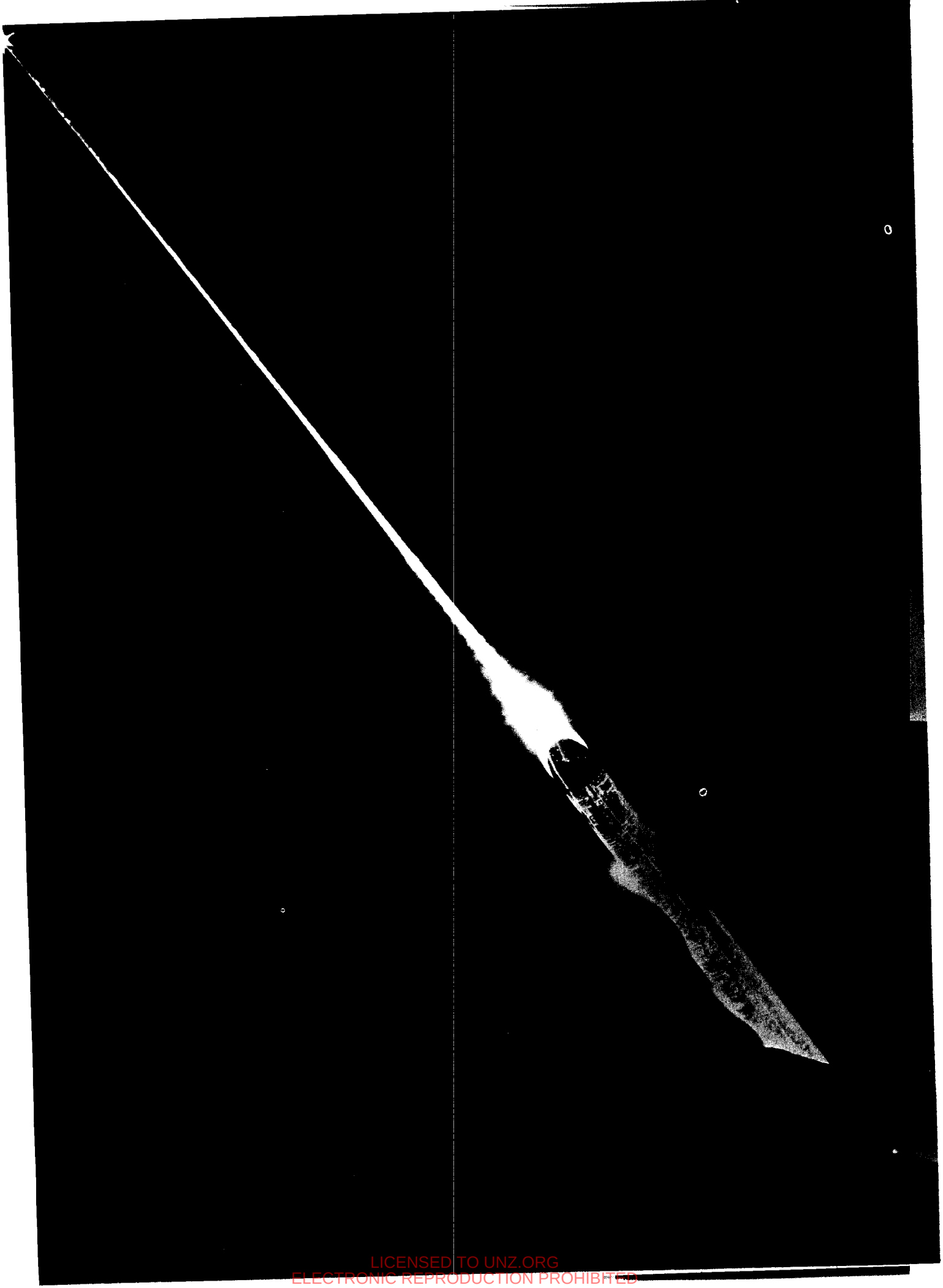

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Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

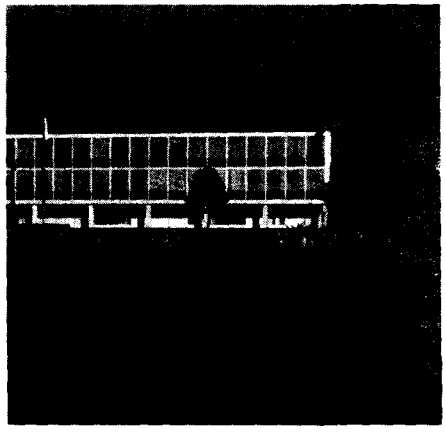
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.



For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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Letters

Praying, Not Fumbling

Daniel Patrick Moynihan is so lucid in discussing tuition tax credits that it is surprising to hear him fumble, like HEW, on the matter of prayer in the schools ["Private Schools and the First Amendment," August 3]. One might even accuse him of using those same tactics he deplores when used by opponents of private schools: he introduces the constitutional question to pre-empt the public policy debate.

The idea is not to "prescribe" prayer, as, say, the Ayatollah might. Prayer should merely not be *proscribed*. If the inclination of the teacher and the community is to pray in a public school, then so be it. No student is forced, against his or his parents' will, to pray.

We swear on the Bible in our courtrooms. God is engraved on our coins. These are also public manifestations of religious belief. Are they anachronistic? Totalitarian? It seems to me that the people, through their elected representatives, ought to decide.

Aquinas Barnico
Salem, Mass.

Secret Agent Man

I take exception to a paragraph in "The Week" [July 6]. By excerpting selected facts and quotes from an accurate article by David Binder in the *New York Times* of June 18, and rearranging them to suit your argument, you have distorted my position. You also have me making serious accusations about the actions of CIA people which are totally untrue. I know of no case where the CIA's employees are "undercutting our defense arrangements, blowing the cover of secret agents, conniving in 'leaks for policy reasons,' and giving our allies cause to withhold their info from us lest we blow their operations out of the water."

Frank C. Carlucci
Deputy Director
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C.

The Burdens of Virtue

I was shocked that *NR* would bemoan the decline of the family in America ["The Week," July 20] without mentioning the federal marriage tax.

Consider this: John and Mary are shacking up. John has a taxable income of $15,000 per year and Mary has a taxable income of $10,000. With one exemption each, they pay a total of $3,673 to the IRS each April. When John decides to do the right thing by Mary and puts a ring on her finger, their contribution to Uncle Sam, based on $25,000 taxable income and two exemptions, is $4,288. In other words, in addition to the cost of the ring, license, and ceremony (to say nothing of the added responsibilities they undertake and the legal consequences thereof), John and Mary pay over $50 per month for the privilege of calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. No wonder the under-25 shack-up rate has skyrocketed. Yours in sin,

Philip Valentini
Arlington, Va.

Don't Tax Me, Tax Thee

In your piece praising Mrs. Thatcher's budget [July 6] you point out, as one of its virtues, that the budget will reduce by more than a million the number of taxpayers who will pay the income tax. That sounds more bad than good to me.

As the number of taxpayers decreases, you build a larger and larger constituency of those who are unaffected by tax policy and, therefore, motivated to vote for more spending and more taxes. If this group gets too large, say 51 per cent of the population, then you have a non-tax-paying electorate foisting confiscatory taxes upon a minority who must pay them. Mrs. Thatcher is doing many good things; reducing the tax-paying population is not one of them.

Stanley Goldstein
New York, N.Y.

Not on Our Side

It was with considerable interest that I read Professor Ernest van den Haag's article "Libertarians and Conservatives" [June 8]. Sadly, it recalled the factionalization of the young conservative movement ten years ago, particularly in California.

At that time I served on the national board of directors of Young Americans for Freedom. The California YAF was bitterly divided over philosophical questions which all of us brilliant young thinkers believed to be of cosmic importance. Unfortunately, it cost our state the contributions of many able and articulate young leaders—on both the traditionalist and the libertarian sides.

While I had actively sided with the "trads" in this fight (who ultimately won, at best, a Pyrrhic victory), the libertarian philosophy intrigued and appealed to me for the next several years.

That appeal ended one evening when I was a guest at a party in Los Angeles attended by Murray Rothbard. It was a

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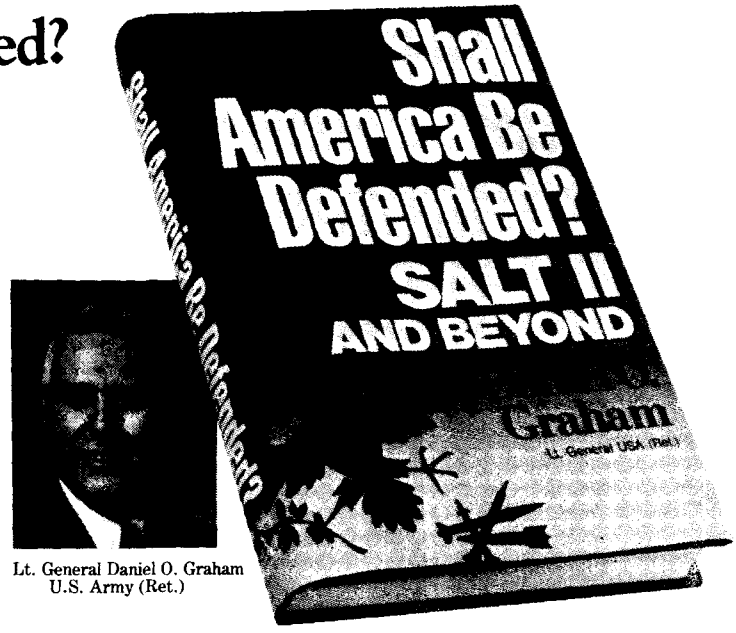
SALT II - BOON or BUST?

A Refutation of the SALT II Treaty

Shall America Be Defended? SALT II And Beyond

In what may be the most important book of our generation, General Graham, former Director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, arsenals fact after fact in a convincing indictment of the SALT II Treaty.



Lt. General Daniel O. Graham
U.S. Army (Ret.)

Not simply about SALT II, this book gives a thorough examination of the facts and arguments surrounding the question — shall America be defended? Conventional wisdom holds that nuclear war is so total as to produce only total losers. A generation of American leaders has not considered the possibility that either the United States or the Soviet Union could actually use nuclear weapons against the other to defend itself or its interests. All that is necessary, they believe, is for both sides to possess sufficient weapons to destroy each other.

Since about 1974, however, the United States no longer has the capacity to inflict as much harm on the Soviet Union as the Soviet Union can inflict on the United States. The Soviets have built missiles that can destroy a sufficient number of America's nuclear arsenal as to limit sharply our capacity to retaliate. Equally as important as the particulars of SALT II, Lt. Gen. Daniel Graham argues, is the spirit of the treaty. That spirit is the doctrine that safety for both the United States and the Soviet Union lies in the absolute vulnerability of each to the other's weapons. As long as American officials entertain this doctrine, they will not want to take advantage of opportunities for the defense of America. Written to lay to rest the widespread notion that no defense is possible against nuclear weapons, General Graham examines the effect of nuclear weapons on U.S. military strategy, the strategy of the USSR for winning wars in the nuclear age, the Soviet's plans for the protection of its civilian population, and the vulnerability of American nuclear forces to a surprise attack. The Soviet Union, the author argues, is well along the road to creating a military reality in which a nuclear war, World War III, would do less damage to the Soviet Union than any previous war.

Given these circumstances, General Graham argues that America needs an honest-to-goodness military strategy to protect itself in case of war. The U.S. needs to decide what kind of military forces and policy are necessary to keep the Soviet Union from winning victory after victory in the Third World. Then the United States must build the proper mixture of forces to make these decisions work.

There will be no final holocaust of fire and radiation. That is physically impossible. But what is possible is sufficiently frightening. The ordeals of slavery and slow death which have been visited on innocent people by conquering Communist forces are not figments of anyone's imagination. How, ultimately, can Westerners spare themselves from such ordeals except by being able to fight, survive and win wars against the leading Communist power?

Lt. General Daniel O. Graham, U.S. Army (Ret.) served as Director of the Defense Intelligence Agency from September 1974 until January 1, 1976, when he resigned that post and retired from the U.S. Army. He is a graduate of West Point and a graduate of several advanced military schools, including the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth and the Army War College.

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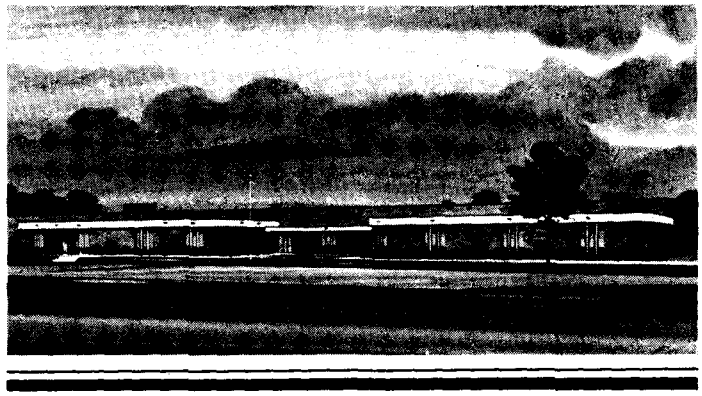

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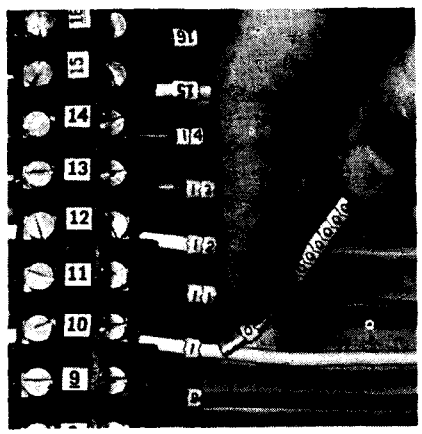

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memorable night—both for Dr. Rothbard's presence and because it coincided with the fall of South Vietnam. Earlier that evening, I had watched television coverage of the last Americans fleeing our embassy by helicopter, the frantic and futile efforts of South Vietnamese to escape the inevitable, and the Soviet-built tanks crashing through the embassy's gates.

Rather a disgusting picture. But my disgust was increased by Dr. Rothbard's response to a telephone call from another libertarian in New York City. While I do not recall the whole of his side of the conversation, this I remember quite clearly: "Yes," he said, "isn't it a great day for liberty? We've finally won. American imperialism has breathed its last."

My flirtations with libertarians and libertarianism had also breathed their last. I left that evening wondering whose side Rothbard was on. Now, after reading the van den Haag piece, there is no doubt.

Allen E. Brandstater
Glendale, Calif.

Smear Job?

NATIONAL REVIEW is to be congratulated for publishing Charles Kesler's excellent essay, "A Special Meaning of the Declaration of Independence," in tribute to Harry V. Jaffa [July 6]. Both the essay and Professor Jaffa's works deserve to be read by everyone, especially around the July 4 celebrations when substance tends to lose out to empty rhetoric.

Just one note of dismay. While Mr. Kesler freely identifies Professor Jaffa as a conservative, and then goes on to distinguish conservatives from libertarians and traditionalists, he fails to distinguish anarchists from libertarians, thereby achieving a smear job against the majority of those who would consider themselves libertarians, and who fully align themselves with both the letter and the spirit of his essay. As an example, Mr. Kesler might wish to read Professor Douglas Den Uyl's essay "Freedom and Virtue" in *Reason Papers* No. 5 (1979), or even my own *Human Rights and Human Liberties* (1975). I consider Professor Jaffa one of the foremost libertarians of our time.

Tibor R. Machan
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Captivating

Your guest editorial "May Day: A Salute to the Captive Peoples" [May 11] is the most inspiring thing I have encountered in months. When it is so tempting to ignore the awful facts of Communist governments, such straightforward reminders are necessary to the preservation of our own freedom. *NR* has my thanks and respect for reprinting so fine a work.

Robert K. Olsen
Placentia, Calif.

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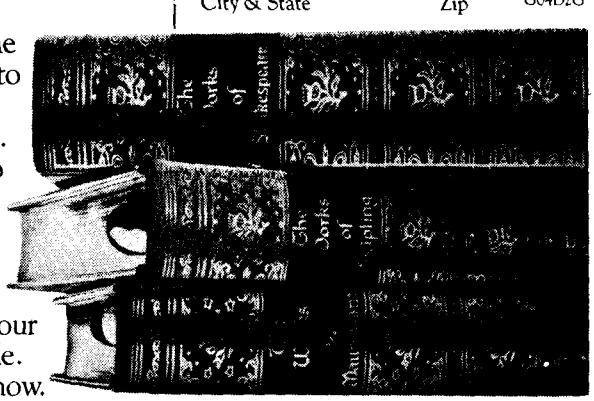

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Jimmy Carter** thinks **Ronald Reagan** will be the GOP nominee next year, and so does Speaker **Tip O'Neill**. . . . **Lou Harris** calls Reagan "the clear front-runner for the Republican nomination"; his polls show Reagan leading **Howard Baker** 64 to 35 and **John Connally** 71 to 26 (among Republican voters). . . . Most of the party pros (state chairmen and national committeemen polled by the *Christian Science Monitor*) think so too. Of the 99 who replied, 39 thought Reagan would get the nomination, 24 thought it would go to Connally, 10 to **Bush**, and eight to Baker. . . . But when asked who they would prefer to see nominated, George Bush came out on top: 27 votes for Bush, to 24 for Reagan, 22 for Connally, eight for Baker, two each for **John Anderson**, **Philip Crane**, and **Bob Dole**. . . . One rumor that refuses to go away: that Reagan and Bush have made a deal for Bush to get the Number Two spot on the ticket. . . . Reagan, incidentally, in a letter to Rep. **Henry Hyde**, has come out unequivocally against abortion except when the mother's own life is in danger. . . . Whoever gets the nod will also get the vote of a brand-new American citizen, Lana Peters, formerly **Svetlana Stalin**. Mrs. Peters registered Republican because, she says, "I could never vote for a liberal." (Just like the old man.)

■ On the Democratic side, the anti-Carter tide continues to rise. **George McGovern** says **Ted Kennedy** should be the party's 1980 nominee because of Carter's "moral posturing, public manipulations, and political ineptitude." . . . Sen. **Henry Jackson** also sees a Kennedy nomination. . . . Sen. **Lowell Weicker**, the Republican maverick, suggests that Carter take himself out of the race and complains that we have "no way of removing a President who lacks the capacity for the job, unless he's at a point where he has to be chased down with a net." . . . On the other hand, the leaders of six major **AFL-CIO unions**, with a membership of three million among them, rallied to Carter last week—slightly lukewarmly, to be sure.

Shallo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"If President Carter doesn't make any more speeches, our dollars should just about last."

■ Sens. Henry Jackson and **William Cohen** are trying to get hold of copies of memos on SALT and cables to the SALT negotiators from the **Joint Chiefs** over the past few years. They believe these will show that the Administration ignored the advice of the Joint Chiefs and bungled the negotiations. No luck so far. . . . It looks now as if the AFL-CIO, which had had its suspicions of SALT, may cautiously approve it. Secretary-Treasurer **Lane Kirkland** now says the only way to get to SALT III, which will put some controls on warheads, is first to ratify SALT II. . . . Sen. **Harry Byrd** (Ind., Va.) made up his mind last week. He will vote against SALT because its implementation would "confirm Russia's strategic superiority" over the U.S.

■ Coming up November 9, an important conference in Washington on "Coalitions: The Politics of the 1980s." It's put on by the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation (4 Library Court S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003) and will feature, among others: columnists **David Broder**, **William A. Rusher**, **Kevin Phillips**; Sens. **Gordon Humphrey**, **James McClure**, **Richard Schweiker**, and **Paul Tsongas** (Dem.); and New Right spokesman **Paul Weyrich**. . . . *NR* senior editor and syndicated columnist **Joe Sobran** has proposed that fetuses be anaesthetized before being aborted. Insiders certain Sobran will receive this year's *Family of Man* Award.

■ NBC reports it has sold 94 per cent of its commercial time for the **Moscow Olympics**, and expects to have sold it all by the end of the month. . . . **French motorists** in for a shock. The price of gasoline will go to $2.90 a gallon by the end of summer. (Let them use bicycles.) . . . The European Common Market is transferring $70 million earmarked for aid to **Hanoi** to aid for Vietnamese refugees. . . . **West Germany** up in arms over the attack by Vietnamese naval vessel on a German ship which had stopped to take aboard a raftload of boat people.

■ Observed in Washington (by *Human Events*), a new bumper sticker: "HAMILTON JERDAN IS A JORK."

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THE WEEK

■ The thin grey line absorbs the Union shot;
Lee throws a sally deftly at the foe.
In Richmond, Davis dances a gavotte,
But further south, Atlanta is aglow.
It's 1864: the undertow
Foretells a climax coming in the spring.
Grant's sappers are insidious if slow,
As Lee plugs, now the center, now a wing.
Savannah falls. The ever-closing ring
Encircles pocketfuls of men in grey.
When Fredericksburg's abandoned, Lee will fling
His shadow army in one final play.
It may be. Jimmy sees himself as Grant.
In that case, he's as addled as my aunt.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Given by our palsied hand in the year of our Lord the nineteen hundred and seventy-ninth, and the year of our energy crisis the sixth: Whereas America is sitting on enough coal to last eight hundred years; and whereas twenty years ago, before the Clean Air Act, 70 per cent of America's electricity was generated by coal; and whereas public utilities in Europe cleanse their coal smoke with electrostatic precipitators, which remove up to 99 per cent of all fly ash, and most of the sulfur oxide specks, be it resolved by U.S. environmentalists—to continue to insist on scrubbers in every coal chimney.

■ Something has to be done about the way corporate profits are reported. The high figures for the first quarter of the year stirred up more denunciations against business. These high profits, up 35 per cent from a year earlier, were widely interpreted as evidence that business was raising prices and causing inflation—and profiting by it. The truth of the matter, reports H. C. Wainwright & Company, is that our accounting system simply can't handle inflation. Accounting conventions and IRS requirements systematically under-depreciate fixed assets and create illusory inventory profits. These two items, the government admits, accounted for 45 per cent of the "high" first-quarter profits. PR men in the corporate sector should take note.

■ The Ministry of Love in Washington is not quite pitching a shutout. It seems the IRS, your friend and ours, was extending a tentacle toward private schools "suspected" of racial discrimination and was threatening the tax-exempt status of these godawful educational institutions. Whereupon the House passed an amendment telling the IRS to pull back its tentacle. Next, blah, blah, blah from the moralizers, who, however, looked to the Senate for salvation. Ooops, the Senate Finance Committee declined to oppose the amendment, Senators Moynihan and Packwood wearing the white hats and golden spurs. Stay tuned. Freedom may win one.

■ The Carter Administration is directing U.S. naval vessels to patrol the South China Sea and pick up any boat people. That is good; excellent. Not so good was Walter Mondale's demand at the Geneva conference that Hanoi halt the flow of refugees. Expulsions, yes. Genuine refugees, no. In effect Mondale was demanding the violation of those human rights which were forever secured for Europeans, as you will recall, at Helsinki. It is not humanitarian to erect a Berlin Wall. Mr. Leo Cherne of the International Rescue Committee tells us some grim facts. The "Chinese" in Vietnam are more properly Sino-Vietnamese; they have lived in Vietnam, most of them, for generations. And while many of them are being forced to leave, other Vietnamese (about a third of the boat people) are buying forged papers certifying their Chinese ancestry, thereby allowing them to take to the sea. Almost unpublicized have been the 220,000 Laotians who have made their way to Thai refugee camps; perhaps twice as many have died trying to escape. And thanks to a remarkable refugee grapevine, those who flee know the odds against success. Mr. Cherne adds that the Vietnamese have "an incredible work ethic" and adapt rapidly to life in America. But they need sponsors, money, temporary homes. If you can help, write to the International Rescue Committee, 386 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016.

■ The Committee for Economic Development was founded, about 35 years ago, by a couple of hundred presidents and chairmen of major U.S. corporations, for the purpose of publishing occasional research papers on major questions of policy where economics and politics are intertwined. The CED has never led the pack, but has always faithfully provided the antiphon to the bayings of the moment. All the more interesting, therefore, is its most recent opus, *Redefining Government's Role in the Market System*, in which the CED departs from its historic support of government programs simply because they're government programs, and now calls for them to be justified and monitored, while urging that future government policies be furthered by providing incentives for the free market to function in "desired" directions. The CED report reflects high-level misgivings about the utility of governmental interventionism, blames the government for policies that feed inflation and reduce economic growth, and does not fear to blame businessmen themselves for seeking special dispensa-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Talk about political ineptitude! Who else but Jimmy Carter could manage to knock the tenth anniversary of Chappaquiddick off the front pages? Even some fine, high-minded liberal media folk (is there any other kind, you ask) were planning to wallow in those murky Massachusetts waters come the 19th of July. But no, Carter couldn't wait to share the good news of those famous fresh faces—William Miller, Patricia Harris, Paul Volcker, and Charles Duncan.

■ While we're on the subject of ineptitude, we should mention that Carter simultaneously scraped the meadow muffins off Jerry Brown's boots. For those of you who have sworn off wire-service fillers at the tail end of news columns, here's the story. Brown appointed to the Orange County Board of Supervisors a man who had served time as a POW in the Vietnam War. This particular POW, it developed, had cut some antiwar tapes for his hosts, the North Vietnamese. The national press, smelling blood, was packing for a search-and-destroy mission to California when the urgent message arrived from the White House. "Hold everything. Jimmy's back from the mountaintop and he's figured it all out." The cosmic answer, as we now know, was that some sinister force had appointed a clutch of stumblebums to the Cabinet.

While Brown is no doubt grateful for Carter's efforts to distract and confuse the national press, the shrewd Californian is alarmed by his own jump in the polls. Some trial heats put him within 15 points of the President and gaining. As Brown is the first to recognize, this is bad news for the Brown-for-President campaign. If Brown looks like a winner before late fall, the pressures on Carter to get out and on Kennedy to get in could become irresistible. The Brown scenario, by contrast, calls for Carter to pull off an Indian summer rally, scare off Kennedy until after key filing deadlines have passed, and then lose to a surging Brown in major 1980 primaries. (Brown strategists are well aware of the possibilities of a replay of the Kennedy-McCarthy split in 1968. Their ace in the hole, they say, is that while Bobby could best Clean Gene in the showdown California primary, Brown can hold his home-state delegation against Teddy.)

■ Contemplate Karen DeYoung.

Those of you who read Norman Wolfson's stunning piece in these pages [July 20] will remember her as the *Washington Post* correspondent in Nicaragua. According to Wolfson, even Somoza, then swarmed by media gnats, was impressed by the persistent DeYoung. In Somoza's somewhat less than gallant phrase, DeYoung was a "tough broad."

Here in the relative tranquillity of Washington, we have been reading DeYoung's copy respectfully over the last year. It was there that we first learned of the charismatic Commander Zero, the pervasive peasant support for the Sandinista, the broad middle-class opposition to Somoza, the atrocities attributed to the bunker, the amused contempt for the wild-eyed Yanqui charges of Communist influence among the liberators. So persuasive, so tenacious was DeYoung that some of us began to doubt our own instincts. Just because the National Liberation Front walked, talked, and quacked like a Castroite duck was no reason to leap to the conclusion that . . .

It came as a nasty surprise, then, to read Karen DeYoung's dispatch from Managua datelined July 23. Before the exiled Somoza had finished unpacking in Florida, DeYoung was turning her investigative talents to a new line of inquiry: "As the Sandinista begin building a new Nicaragua out of the ashes of the Somoza regime, the world is waiting to see whether this will become a second Cuba." Those of us who see the world through the pages of the *Washington Post* weren't waiting to see that at all.

It may be time to dust off the Herbert Matthews Award.

■ Contemplate Patrick Caddell.

From time to time, Mr. Caddell gets his name in the papers. Let's see, the last three items about him that caught our eye were: 1) that he is a well-paid advisor to the government of Saudi Arabia; 2) that he includes among his counseling clients several of America's largest corporations; and 3) that he is an influential—some would contend the most influential—political strategist for the President of the United States.

For some reason, those three items never appear in the same story. We suppose it's because they just don't look right, all together like that. —CATO

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tions from the political process. The report should be accepted, and applauded, as confirmation of the seismic shift in official philosophy, as witness the trend towards deregulation and lower taxes on productive effort and all manner of proposals for "fiscal soundness" in government. If not towards Bethlehem, the Establishment is slouching at least towards the Department of Economics at the University of Chicago.

■ Nicaragua's new rulers are, for the moment at least, playing down their revolutionary cantatas. They have seized all of former President Somoza's assets and taken over several banks. But they say they have no immediate plans for land reform, widespread nationalization, or expropriation of private property. They welcomed the return of the U.S. ambassador to Managua and have asked for U.S. military assistance to rebuild a national People's Army. At the moment the U.S. has very little leverage in Nicaragua. We did nothing to help Somoza, but we didn't actively help the rebels. If the Sandinista and the junta turn sharply left, as Castro did when firmly in power, we have no right to be surprised. Our present objective should be to keep that from happening. Under the circumstances U.S. participation in what might prove to be the Kerensky phase of the Nicaraguan story is critical. The stakes are larger than Nicaragua. Evans and Novak report that at a breakfast in Washington given by *Foreign Policy* magazine, Ramón Sanchez, Cuba's envoy to Washington, confirmed that Cuba had given aid of all sorts—including weapons—to the Sandinista and was prepared to help the revolutions now germinating in El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras.

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Latin Rhythms

Managua, Nicaragua is
  A wonderful place;
They're taking over banking at
  A cha-cha-cha pace.
The flag is pink and waving and
  The rich are in flight,
While Jimmy tries to rhumba, but
  He can't get it right.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ A funny thing happened to Ma Yinchu on the way to his retirement party. Until 1959, when he was a frisky 78, Ma was president of Peking U. Then Mao Tse-tung invited criticism of the government, and Ma took him up on it: he called for a national birth control program, in opposition to Mao's more-the-merrier philosophy. That did it. Ma was purged. Purged he remained until last month, when the Communist Party rehabilitated him: "Facts have proven your theory to be correct. The Party has decided to redress the wrongs and restore your reputation." It is not yet known whether Ma, now 98, will receive tenure. But he will be permitted to practice birth control.

■ Cheerful news: In Afghanistan, the Soviet puppet government is having the devil's own time putting down the rebel insurgency, which proceeds in auspicious terrain for that sort of thing. It is conceivable that the rebels might actually take the capital, Kabul. What then would the Russians do? That they would send in Russian divisions, in the style of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, is not to be excluded. But such rank military action, in a state so newly satellized, would cause frowns in the Third World, and a stiffening of the Western spine. The second alternative is likelier, namely, that the rebel government, in return for a measure of independence, would submit to Finlandization.

■ Western corruption is slipping into China. Vagrancy, that bane of the Bowery, is reported to be a serious problem in Peking. As many as a hundred thousand Chinese have wandered into Peking at one time, looking to have grievances redressed, or hoping to find a job. The theory is that by making themselves a nuisance, and a potential embarrassment to a regime which claims to have no unemployment, their problems will be handled. Sometimes it works, but sometimes they are simply shipped back to the provinces. "I want to be arrested," one old man told a Western reporter. "Then they'll have to feed me."

■ The Prime Minister, having campaigned on the promise to dismantle the overweening state, is now engaged in doing just that. Under her plan, the government's holdings in British Airways and British Aerospace (nationalized only two years ago) will be greatly reduced by sale to private citizens. British Shipbuilding, nationalized in 1977, will be shrunk by one-third and subsidized for two years, after which, if it hasn't learned how to pay its way (and so be sold to private citizens), it will be shut down. The National Enterprise Board, a program of government ventures, will be limited to sustaining British Leyland and Rolls Royce *pro tem*, and its going concerns will be sold to private investors. Some enterprises that had been kept afloat by taxpayer money will have their life-support systems severed. Government subsidies to firms in hard-pressed areas will be cut by one-third, with the remaining subsidies to go to those areas that are really hard-pressed. More fat will be cut from a budget already deeply cut, to allow for even further reductions in taxes.

■ The Supreme Court has ruled that employers holding a group medical policy covering 15 or more workers must pay for maternity benefits for all employees. This has come as somewhat of a surprise to the 66 Roman Catholic priests of the Diocese of Spokane, Washington, who are being docked an extra thirty cents a month for obstetrical care. It reminds us of the Third World dictator who handled a jurisdictional dispute in his Department of Health by appointing a government gynecologist for women, and another one for men.

■ Pointing to the Senate's refusal to revamp the Electoral College, Abel Muzorewa flatly rejected "any internal settlement that fails fully to implement the one-man/one-vote principle." The present system, he charged, is clearly weighted in favor of "white" states like Wyoming and Alaska. "Zimbabwe-Rhodesia cannot endorse this hollow pretense of democracy," he warned. "Carter is a stooge of the racist interests who retain the real power."

■ The ACU Education and Research Institute is holding its annual course for young prospective Right-minded journalists. The course runs from September 17 to December 14; students are paid $100 a week. Applications are due by August 20; address them to Fred Mann, ACU Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, SE, Suite 207, Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ In reply to our comment last issue that the President's proposed Energy Security Corporation would have "vast powers to go with its vast" revenues ($88 billion), one of our editors proposes that this expropriation be sliced in two so that our government can go back to its usual half-vast policies.

■ The President's new Department of Official Petroleum

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Allotment Queues (D'OPAQUE) urgently requests all citizens who do not believe the energy crisis is caused by moral turpitude to report at once for professional counseling.

■ Reactions are mixed to the President's new tax program to profit from the energy windfall. Many observers think the program can significantly increase Washington, D.C.'s tax imports (currently 18 million bbl. per day), but few believe it will actually solve the tax crisis.

■ We'd like to claim credit for this, but it's a real conversation, *in toto*, from the Midwest last week:
Stranger: "Do those dogs bite?"
Housewife: "It depends on what you're selling."
Stranger: "I'm from the Census Bureau."
Housewife: "Yes."

■ ERRATUM: In our last issue we mistakenly ascribed to George Will a *Washington Post* column written by George Ball. The error was natural, considering resemblances in name, incisiveness, and humanity.

■ There is little truth to the rumor that the new federal policy of forcing you to work in 78° heat is the result of lobbying by the deodorant people. They just get the windfall profits.

SALT Highlights (First Installment)

We note here the high points of the first round of Senate SALT testimony, during which witnesses generally divided into four categories: opponents, mugwumps, Averell Harriman, and Henry Kissinger.

1. The strongest opposition came from retired military men. Admiral Thomas Moorer (Ret.), former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, charged that the United States had "the world's worst negotiators." Lieutenant General Edward L. Rowny, who retired last month as the Joint Chiefs' representative on the SALT delegation in order to testify against the treaty, laid the blame on the White House—officials in Washington, Rowny said, "tied the hands" of negotiators in Geneva and missed opportunities to get a better deal. Senators Jackson and Cohen are asking for copies of cable traffic to and from Geneva, and of the Joint Chiefs' memos on SALT, which could confirm Rowny's charges.

General Alexander Haig, retired Allied Supreme Commander in Europe, criticized a protocol banning long-range ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles until 1982 and accused the Administration of failing to consult him or our NATO allies (the cruise is Europe's preferred response to the Backfire bomber). Haig also urged a review of national strategy and insisted that the treaty could not properly be considered except in such a context.

2. Another category of witnesses linked their support for the treaty to increased defense spending. General David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, admitted that if the treaty would cause the country to "go to sleep," then the Senate "probably should not ratify it." Senator Nunn, who often reflects the Joint Chiefs' views, said he could not support SALT without a 4 to 5 per cent real increase in military spending over the next five years.

3. Averell Harriman. Harriman appeared then, citing his long experience with the Soviet Union. A normal man might wonder whether Harriman's experience is something to boast about; and, true to form, Harriman spoke of shadowy and unidentified "soft-liners" in the Kremlin, whose power we would bolster if we signed SALT. Soviet dissident Roy Medvedev (whose dissidence has been mostly Pickwickian) made the same point recently in an article for the *London Observer*, and offered proof: "Modern weapons are becoming an increasing brake on the Soviet civil economy . . . The rate of increase in consumer goods output has sharply declined, and agricultural production is in a state of stagnation . . . As a result, those responsible for these branches of the economy have a strong interest in reducing military spending."

Leaving aside the lacunae in their position—that the alleged "soft-liners" have never been identified; that Russia's Communist rulers have willingly inconvenienced and killed millions of their subjects in order to achieve their own ends—the Harrimans and Medvedevs must still address the question: Suppose the Soviet military buildup did cause dislocation in the Soviet economy—what would be so bad about that?

4. Politically, the most important testimony was given by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Following Senator Nunn and General Haig, he has helped mightily to steer the SALT ratification debate away from a hang-up on weapon counting and to give it a shape which the Senate can use effectively—if it will. Would Kissinger favor ratification? Only on three conditions: *(a)* presidential and congressional commitment to a binding long-range program for a military counterforce capability including the MX, Trident II, air defense against the Backfire bomber, expansion and modernization of the Navy, regional defense and theater nuclear balance (for NATO); *(b)* senatorial clarification of treaty ambiguities and, in the interest of NATO, a definition of the protocol that limits the deployment of the cruise missile; *(c)* senatorial declaration of "linkage" between SALT and "Soviet geopolitical conduct." All these conditions involve problems of implementation (especially "linkage" under an Administration that has disavowed it),

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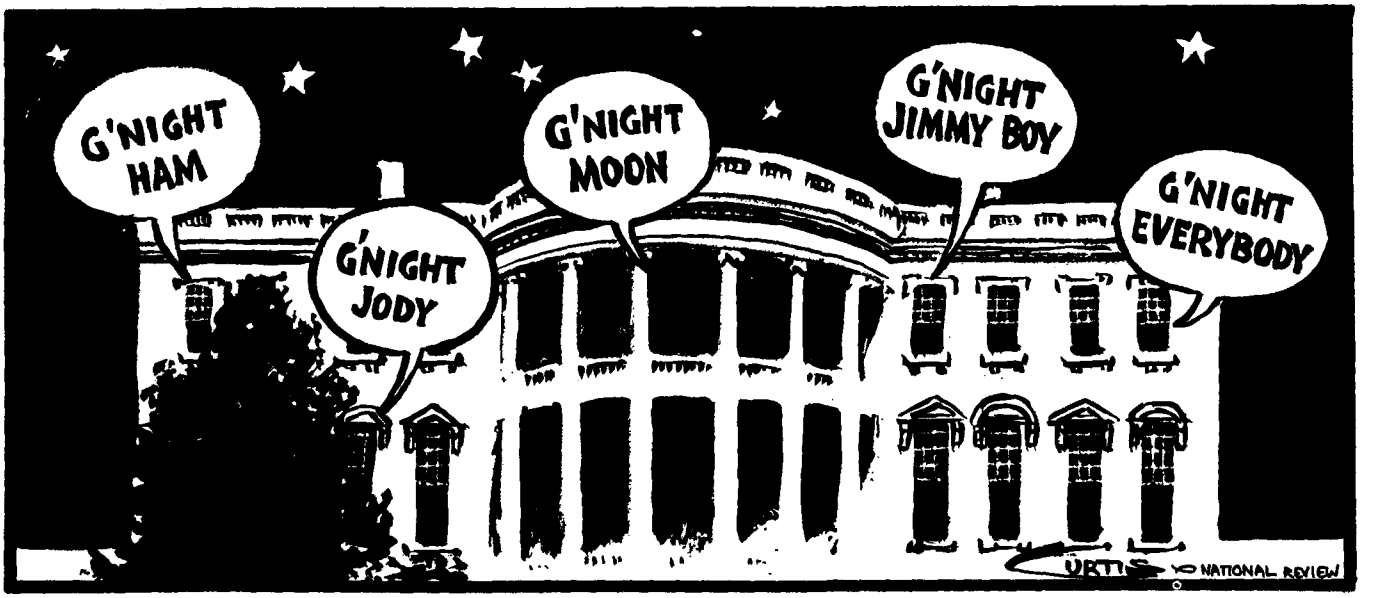

but they do focus attention on the real problem. It is not so much the detailed terms of SALT II (unbalanced though they are), as the necessity to develop and execute our own strategy, a strategy that must be something more than mere compliance with SALT. Both Nunn and Haig had aimed in this direction, but, because of Kissinger's enormous influence, his articulately formulated criteria will give both shape and impetus to development of a practical Senate strategy. Narrow, detailed focusing on the imbalances in the treaty is an incomplete approach because in fact—as the Administration points out—the treaty leaves us wide latitude to do most of the things needed. But so did SALT I: and we failed to use our latitude. In trying to force adoption of an effective forward strategy, the Senate must extract from the Administration its best estimate of Soviet intentions and strategy. Shibboleths such as "mutual assured destruction," "essential equivalence," and "balance of terror" obscure the real issue—What is Russian strategy? It is: to dominate the affairs of mankind. When the congressional recess ends, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee should demand that the Administration lay its cards on the table, and lay out our own counter-strategy.

Memo to Hamilton Jordan

Ben Wattenberg, chairman of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, had some cogent things to say in a recent issue of the *New York Times Magazine*.

"It's Time to Stop America's Retreat" is the title of the piece, and Wattenberg starts with a quick replay of the last four years: "Revolution in Iran, withdrawal from Taiwan, war in the Yemens, war (once again) in Vietnam, a Communist coup and then assassination in Afghanistan, near anarchy in Turkey, price buccaneering by OPEC, mercenary militarism on Cuba's part in Africa . . . our planned withdrawal of troops from South Korea, the demoralization of our CIA, our decisions to shelve the B-1 bomber and the neutron bomb . . ."

These disasters, Wattenberg goes on, were a direct result of America's reaction to its Vietnam debacle. The post-Vietnam litany should be familiar to anyone with copies of old McGovern speeches (perhaps the Freedom of Information Act can get them for you): America was "overextended"; America suffered from "arrogance of power"; the "domino theory" was "discredited." Acting on these assumptions, American leaders abandoned four traditional—commonsensical—principles of foreign policy. Wattenberg lists them, with observations on their relevance to current events.

1. Image counts. "An example of the consequences of America's image as a helpless giant is what is happening in Saudi Arabia. The Saudis were horrified by what they perceived to be American weakness in Iran. Was it an accident that, following such horror, they made softer sounds to the Soviets, were less willing and able to put a brake on escalating OPEC prices, and didn't lift so much as a finger to help us out with the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty?"
2. Power counts. "Everything costs something . . . Thus it is not very difficult to run a domestic three-ring circus around the Central Intelligence Agency . . . What is not easy is to do this and still expect the CIA to be able to do its job . . . A demoralized intelligence agency, oversighted to death and scared of its own political shadow, is not likely to come up with coherent and tough-minded plans to squeeze Cuba in the right places so that Castro might decide that maybe his African adventure isn't such a good idea after all. Does anyone believe that such active planning is going on? I don't believe it because if it were so I would already have read about it in the newspapers."
3. Dominoes live. "Some months ago, doves laughed

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when 'cold warriors' got hot and bothered about the pro-Soviet coup in Afghanistan. . . . But when the Shah experienced his recent unpleasantness in Iran, it wasn't so funny when reports came through that pro-Communist infiltrators were passing from that same Afghanistan into Iran in a continuing attempt to turn Khomeini's revolution into the Kremlin's."

4. Freedom counts. "So far, our Western freedoms have represented a mere blip in history. There is no guarantee they will survive in any event, but the odds go down if we predicate that our children will live in a world where the Soviet Union is the most powerful military force on earth."

Wattenberg calls for a resurgence of all four principles—indeed, he sees it happening already—and adds some specific suggestions to boot: "America's defense spending must be determined by the Kremlin['s aggressiveness], not by the poor condition of our cities"; "We have to think once again about playing hardball with the Soviets on economic matters"; "Our human rights policy has become a switch with which to whip weak allies . . . the Soviet Union will be a much less dangerous force in the world if we make sure that it remains on the ideological defensive."

Chairman Volcker And the Dollar

There's a saying that a hard-money President makes a hard-money Federal Reserve Chairman. With Jimmy Carter and the Democratic Congress facing re-election, Paul Volcker may turn out to be a hard-talking, easy-money chairman.

The way Washington sees it, a sound dollar means tight money and recession, and recession means woe for incumbents who face re-election. On the other hand, easy money means further pressure on the dollar in foreign exchange markets. Washington fears a run on the dollar because foreigners have demonstrated no confidence in Washington—a bad example for the voters at home. Caught on both horns of the dilemma, the politicians seized on Paul Volcker, a man who can make the dollar look tough while they easy-money their way to re-election.

Mr. Volcker is well known abroad and comes to the Fed chairmanship with vast experience in U.S. monetary affairs as President of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and former Under Secretary of the Treasury. He has the right image and connections to revive confidence in U.S. monetary management. His appointment was reassuring especially in view of the Cabinet resignations and uncertainty about who would be appointed to preside over monetary policy.

But if Washington believes it can rescue the dollar with imagery alone, it is in for a shock. The foreign exchange markets are looking for substance, and if the money keeps pouring out of the Fed, the dollar is going to slide regardless of who is chairman.

The dollars could keep flowing in spite of Mr. Volcker's intentions. Like most economists trained in the Federal Reserve tradition, Mr. Volcker believes in conducting monetary policy by controlling interest rates. As the Fed's critics have pointed out, fine-tuning the interest rate generally means that the money supply goes out of control. For example, to keep the interest rate from rising, the Fed pumps out money and adds to the pressures on the price level.

With the threat of recession and with the dollar under pressure in foreign exchange markets, the Fed is in a bind. Washington believes the recessionary threat requires low interest rates and easy money; but with the dollar already under pressure, low interest rates are likely to cause a run on the dollar. At the moment the Fed seems to be marking time, pumping out dollars at home in an effort to hold down interest rates and buying them back in foreign exchange markets in an effort to support the exchange value of the dollar.

This policy cannot continue indefinitely, because the U.S. does not have unlimited reserves of foreign exchange with which to make dollar purchases. At some point the Fed is going to have to choose between the domestic economy and the dollar. The unpalatability of the choice could result in the imposition of exchange controls. The effects of which would be chaotic. The President, as it happens, already has the authority for exchange controls.

On Aging

In China, they revere the old;
  My frying pan is black with age;
A cheese is yummier with mold;
  Olivier commands the stage.
But on the other hand, there's Lear
  And, in our era, Howard Hughes.
Nor do I take excessive cheer
  From Jimmy's old B-52s.

W. H. VON DREELE

Om to the Chief?

A recent *New Yorker* cartoon showed a highway sign announcing to motorists, "You are now into California." California's governor is now into the presidential race, even though his hat is not yet into the ring. He has set up a Presidential Campaign Exploratory Committee to enable him to go forth and, uh, relate to the people (and raise money) without being an officially announced candidate.

By now most of the people know where Jerry's coming from, and they are finding it hard to dig him. As

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

Get it FREE

Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene and Stanton Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is hard to best. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE and postpaid simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires*. That way you'll be guaranteed no interruption in service, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!)

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first-come, first-served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $8.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it FREE and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (26 issues). The price for the subscription is just $21 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is FREE. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

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Philip Nicolaides reports elsewhere in this issue, Brown's coziness with Fonda-types has annoyed all but his natural constituency, the lunatic fringe. Tom Hayden and Daniel Ellsberg are giving him loads of foreign policy advice. Linda Ronstadt is presumably still around somewhere, as the state's intermittent first lady.

Like Jimmy Carter, though in a culturally leftist mode, Brown is a media phenom. He began as a "refreshing" presence with an enormous approval rating, a metapolitical outsider (though his father was governor too). Also like Carter, he had an advantage that turned against him: with no real base or real principles, he enjoyed a rare freedom to maneuver and create a unique identity. He couldn't be pinned down; but he couldn't be identified; and finally he can't govern. Lack of commitment means lack of loyalties, and nobody is loyal to him.

His shiftiness on Proposition 13 staved off immediate disfavor, while earning him long-range contempt. His talk of spurring business investment while holding hands with Fonda-Hayden "economic democracy" causes only confusion. Above all he lacks any sense of gravity.

As his appeal, inevitably, wanes, he relies on spectacular gestures and breaks into spiteful outbursts against the real politicians, the legislative branch he (like Carter) finds it so hard to live with. The Democratic California Legislature has been overriding his vetoes at a record pace. When the State Senate shot down his appointment of Fonda to the California Arts Council, he accused it of acting "like a bunch of little kids," perhaps an historical slur on juvenility.

Brown the candidate, forsworn by party pros, will offer himself as a savior to redeem us from the man he most resembles—the incumbent savior. But the country has had its fill of Executive spiritualism. The Democrats will almost certainly turn to Kennedy, a competent politician without the least taint of virtue.

Stop the Bus

With the resounding defeat in the House of a proposed anti-busing constitutional amendment, the movement against busing and all that it implies has stalled. The most effective argument of the pro-busing forces bared the poverty of their position. Busing may be bad, they argued, but we don't want to tinker with the Constitution to correct the situation. Many of the same legislators, of course, want to "tinker with the Constitution" by adding an ERA to it, or two senators for D.C. In fact, given recent court decisions, nothing short of a constitutional amendment will stop the buses.

Despite this defeat in Congress, however, the constituencies are boiling, and in this election season the sitting members may get a chilling message. In Los Angeles, for example, voter signatures recently forced the pro-busing president of the L.A. school board into a recall election. He was summarily retired. Polls continue to show lopsided majorities against busing, and the majorities grow. On the 25th anniversary of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, numerous surveys showed that busing had brought white flight, racial tension, and no improvement in education for black children.

As we approach the election year, busing decisions affect or loom for Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Columbus, Dayton, Atlanta, Chicago, and Houston, all of them politically potent. Of the presidential candidates, John Connally has come out for an anti-busing amendment. Others will no doubt follow. President Carter, however, cannot do so, since he would risk losing his only sure vote in 1980, Andy Young.

Clarence Manion, R I P

Clarence Manion's formal credentials were impeccable. A professor of constitutional law at Notre Dame, and then dean of the Law School, he left the academy to head the Inter-Governmental Relations Commission set up by President Eisenhower to study something or other. When Dean Manion (as he was always called) discovered its futility, his dissatisfactions with Eisenhower Republicanism crystallized, and he went out fighting. He founded the Manion Forum of the Air, wrote a best-selling book, conceived of, and published, Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*, probably the only book published by a private house that made publishing history by earning its author a presidential nomination. In his hectic crusade to restore sanity, he made the mistake of joining the John Birch Society as one of its original directors. He disbelieved the central and nonsensical dogma of the Society, but was too loyal to quit when the press discovered that the *stupor mundi* of the JBS was that Dwight Eisenhower was an agent of the Communist Party. What was always unaffected in Pat Manion—unaffected by world wars, Vietnams, Teddy Kennedys—was his good humor. On the stump, he could sound like Cotton Mather. But off it, he was the most genial, witty, warm companion and friend. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their sympathy to his family.

Herbert Marcuse, R I P

Had he been more intelligent, Herbert Marcuse might have been an important modernist thinker. His essential theories are familiar enough. That society by its very nature is oppressive. That the self, as it increases in awareness, experiences alienation. That, paradoxically, the "better" society may be more oppressive than the "worse" society because it seduces the alienated self into complicity.

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These ideas are perfectly familiar in the great modernist works of the early twentieth century. One recalls Conrad's "sepulchral city," Eliot's "unreal city," and the strange intensities deployed in their work and in the work of Picasso, Hemingway, Mann.

Herbert Marcuse walked into all this like a kind of Dumb Boy, equipped with the doctrines of Marx and Freud—dim illumination—and, indeed, from a modernist point of view, reactionary. Distantly aware of the modernist revolution, Marcuse and the other "advanced" social scientists of the Frankfurt school flattened it wherever they touched it. These theoreticians tried to turn the modernist insights and paradoxes into social and political doctrine, and they achieved predictably flat-headed results.

A B-minus student, reading the *Monarch* trot on Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, might come up with Marcuse's theory of repressive tolerance: civilization is a lie, better revolution than acquiescence, etc. But Conrad sees a dozen other truths at the same time.

In person, Marcuse was stuffy, Germanic, ultra-academic, a herr-doktor-professor. In his limitations as a personality, he in many ways epitomized German intellectual culture, in which most of what is thought and done simply *takes too long*. An unread folk-hero of the "liberated" Sixties, he was extremely conservative socially. His prose was a death sentence. His best book, perhaps, was *Eros and Civilization*, a vote for the former. Reading it would reduce Don Giovanni to immobile melancholy.

Herbert Marcuse died at 81, of a stroke, in Starnberg, West Germany.

Notes & Asides

■ To: Our readers
Re: Our writers

Personnel notes. On August 3, liberation came to our grand versifier, William H. von Dreele. Bill von Dreele has been aching to retire: from his job, as an editor for IBM, which several years ago imposed on Bill, an impenitent and incurable New Yorker, the burden of transfer to White Plains. Having finally reached voluntary retirement age (after 25 years' service), at 55, von Dreele, who rails against central planning, has absolutely no plans of his own, except to savor retirement at his apartment on 84th Street—and to continue to enliven the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. His friends in White Plains joined together to give him—not a gold watch, but a rented limousine-for-a-day, so that he might effect his repatriation (approx. 18 miles) in style. If we had some ticker tape, we'd give Bill a parade, if we had some mobs.

And, this week, we lose Editorial Assistant Paul Gigot. This is a heavy burden, personal and professional. Paul Gigot came to us two years ago from Dartmouth, where he was editor in chief of the daily. He has been awarded a Luce Foundation Fellowship to work in the Orient. He will make his headquarters in Hong Kong, where he will write for the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, returning in due course to the United States to pursue a career in journalism. Paul's replacement is Mona Charen, a New Yorker who graduated this spring from Columbia University. While there, she was editor of the *Columbia/Barnard Course Guide*, and conducted an interview for the yearbook, *The Columbian*, with WFB—from which the following excerpts:

Q. Lionel Trilling has written in *The Liberal Imagination*: ". . . the conservative impulse and the reactionary impulse do not, with some isolated and some ecclesiastical exceptions, express themselves in ideas but only in action or in irritable mental gestures which seek to resemble ideas." As you survey your colleagues on the Right, how much truth do you find in this assertion?

A. Not much. Trilling is correct only in the sense that conservatives are guided substantially by prescriptive reactions. One can, for example, register a disapproval of the proliferation of pornography without experiencing the necessity to externalize one's thoughts in theoretical parades. The liberals, on the whole, would rather write than think; let alone act.

Q. But if conservatives do not "experience the necessity to externalize [their] thoughts in theoretical parades," a few explanations present themselves. Either conservatives are mostly inarticulate, conservatives are complacent, or conservatives are somehow incapable of abstract theorizing.

A. I think it is correct to say about conservatives as a class that they engage less in abstract theorizing than ideologues or schematizers . . .

Q. Conservatives are distinct from ideologues?

Florida Tomatoes, Mexican Tomatoes

I'm patriotic to a fault.
Each Fourth, I turn a somersault—
Or did, before the sacro pains.
I visit Washington's remains.
But when they say I ought to eat
Those stones they send us from St. Pete,
I tell the salesman at my store
That I'm a wetback to the core.

W. H. VON DREELE

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A. I think so. Those conservatives who are ideologues are not conservatives, they're abstractionists. Burke's distrust of schematism was a conscious preference for thought that was guided by an accumulation of experience, and a transcendent morality. Now, I don't think anybody would accuse Burke of being inarticulate. A conservative in my judgment is guided less by absolutes than by presumptions. That is to say, there is a presumption against state interference, not an absolute law.

Q. All things considered, do you now regret having introduced Henry Kissinger to Richard Nixon?

A. No. Kissinger was the best of Nixon's advisors. An advisor who would have counseled Nixon to do what I wish he had done would probably have got him impeached before Howard Hunt got out of bed.

Q. Taking into account your temperament, which you have acknowledged to be something other than conservative, if you were an influential pundit in 1776, would you have been a Tory or a rebel?

A. Hard to say. I am easily irritated, and would probably have found His Majesty's interventions intolerable. On the other hand, I'd have looked for organic solutions. I'd have found little in common with Sam Adams, much in common with John.

Q. It is widely believed that three of the thinkers who have most influenced the intellectual life of the twentieth century were Freud, Marx, and Darwin. If you were granted the power retroactively to silence anyone of your choosing, would the work of any of the above troublemakers survive?

A. I am not disturbed by anyone's work. Only by how it is received. The problem is not heresy, but invincible ignorance.

Q. Well, leaving Marx aside, in what sense are Freud and Darwin heretics? From what orthodoxy do they depart?

A. The principal trouble with Freud and Darwin is really the trouble with their exegetes. This is particularly true of Darwin—a little less so of Freud; that is to say, Freud went a long way in constructing theological absolutes centered on himself . . .

Q. Theological?

A. I call it theological in the sense that he really calls upon you to have a faith which is non-empirical. I think "theological" as a metaphor is perfectly suited to Freudians who insist that there is *a* Freudian answer to all those enigmas, even as Ayn Rand believes the same thing about herself. It would be a word which would upset both of them, since they don't consider themselves to be theological about anything.

Q. In what ways would your life have been different if you had been born female?

A. I'd have seduced John Kenneth Galbraith and spared the world much pain.

Q. Who is your most formidable debating opponent?

A. Well, I've been asked that a hundred times as you can imagine, and I can't answer it. Different people have different strengths, and some of the people who are most formidable are very poor debaters.

Q. But they are formidable; why?

A. Because they have a way of appealing to an audience. You know the injunction you should never fence with an amateur because he'll likely kill you? He doesn't know the rules.

Ramsey Clark is really very maladroit as a debater, but almost certainly he would win any debate with me. You know, he puts on that humble-pie business, "I really believe in free speech. I know you-all don't agree with me, but I really respect your right, and gosh, I'm not cocksure. Why I go to bed every night thinkin' maybe I just made a lot of wrong decisions . . ." And you see these PhDs and college students cheering lustily. Nixon, by the way, pulled that at the Oxford Union. He had those people cheering after the most intellectually disreputable performance I've seen in a lifetime of watching people debate.

So all I ask is that people who vote against me in debate have a hangover the next morning.

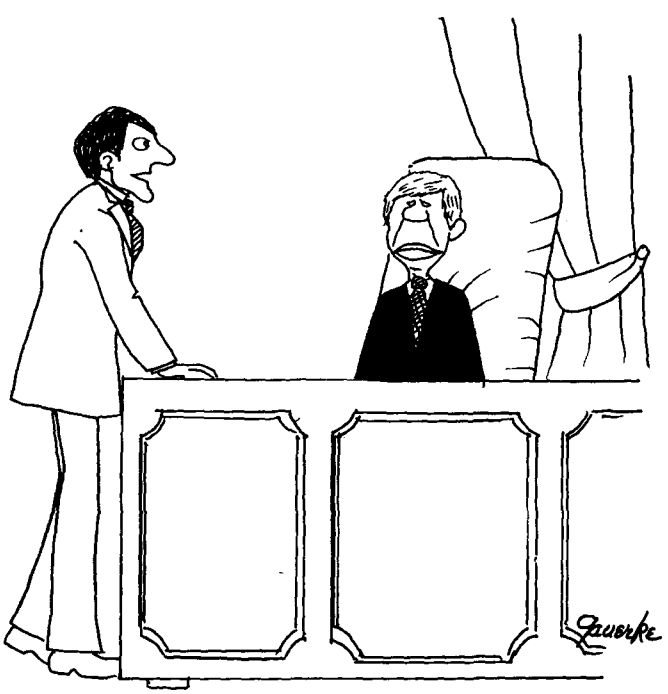
Q. Nabokov once described the "pen-poised pause." Do you ever stop in mid-sentence when writing and tap your pen on the desk, searching for the right word?

A. Seldom. Although occasionally I'll have trouble thinking of a word I know exists and it drives me nuts. Just the other day I couldn't recall for the life of me the word "reincarnation."

Q. What would your Orwellian Room 101 consist of?

A. The collected works of Beatrice and Sidney Webb.

—WFB



"The most urgent problem facing this Administration is unemployment—yours."

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ALIVE OR DEAD?

The Last of the Pimpernels

LENNART FRANTZELL

In 1974, 62-year-old Jan Kaplan was one of many Russian Jews who wanted to emigrate to Israel. Denied permission, he threw himself into the task of helping others get out. He was so successful that in 1975 he was arrested for anti-Soviet activities and given a four-year term in the Butyrka prison in Moscow. In prison, Kaplan suffered a heart attack and was placed in the hospital wing under light guard. He was soon up and about, nosing around the other wards. One day, in a hospital cell, he came across a 63-year-old Swede, a man who had been kept in isolation from the outside world for thirty years, Raoul Wallenberg—the last of the pimpernels.

In July of 1944, Wallenberg, then a 32-year-old businessman, was sent jointly by the U.S. War Refugee Board and the Swedish government to German-occupied Budapest to help save as many Hungarian Jews as possible from extinction. Appointed attaché, which gave him diplomatic immunity, and armed with unlimited U.S. funds, Wallenberg set up headquarters in the Swedish embassy. He and his staff got to work at once. By bribing Hungarian authorities, he was able to provide food for about a hundred thousand Jews in the main ghetto in Budapest, and to issue papers to Jews who wanted to seek refuge in Sweden. Passage from Hungary to Sweden was impossible at that time; however, the papers became de facto passports, saving their holders from arrest.

It soon became evident that Wallenberg's chief opponent was not the Hungarian authorities, but the head of the Nazi Sonderkommando charged with liquidating all Hungarian Jews. This was a man in his late thirties, of medium height, cool, pedantic, described by his superiors as "dedicated and very promising." Heinrich Himmler himself used to refer to him as "the master of life and death." His name was Adolf Eichmann.

Eichmann arrived in Budapest on March 19, 1944 with orders to "solve the Jewish question in Hungary." During the late summer he discovered Wallenberg's activities and was appalled. They had several meetings. Unable to arrest a diplomat from a neutral country, Eichmann instead tried to have the Swede assassinated. As the Russian armies came closer and closer, Eichmann's efforts to kill all Hungarian Jews became more frantic, Wallenberg's countermoves more desperate. In November 1944, Eichmann organized the infamous Hegyeshalom death-march, in which about ten thousand women and children died. In his book *Justice in Jerusalem*, the Israeli prosecutor at the Eichmann trial, Gideon Hausner, describes Wallenberg's response: "Wallenberg followed [the column of people] with truckloads of food, clothing, and medicines. He removed from the marching columns everyone who could for any reason be declared Swedish and encouraged the local peasants to supply water and hot meals to the women and children. Eichmann was furious . . ."

Eichmann left Budapest on December 24, 1944, and the Russians marched in on January 17, 1945. The Wallenberg mission received short shrift. The new military commander in Budapest, General Chernyshov, quickly declared the special passports invalid, arrested Wallenberg as a spy of American Jewry, and had him flown to Moscow, where he was thrown into Cell 123 in the Lubyanka.

During the next 12 years the Russians refused to acknowledge that they were holding Wallenberg. Later, after several ex-prisoners who had met and positively identified the Swede had found their way to the West, the Russians backtracked. On February 6, 1957, Soviet Vice Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko informed the Swedish government that Wallenberg indeed had been arrested and imprisoned "during the excesses of Beria and Abakumov." Regrettably the prisoner had died on July 17, 1947 in the Lubyanka. The doctor who had made out the death certificate, A. L. Smoltsov, had in the meantime conveniently died, and all witnesses had disappeared.

Gromyko's statement was a barefaced lie. On the third or fourth of August 1954 Wallenberg was definitely located in Cell 23, Cell Bloc II (the medical and isolation wing) in the Vladimir prison, 120 miles east of Moscow. He communicated with a Swiss prisoner by knocking, and was identified by several others. In October 1959 he was still in Vladimir. In January 1961, Professor Aleksandr Myasnikov, a prominent Soviet physician, acknowledged to a Swedish colleague that Wallenberg had been placed in a mental asylum. Wallenberg has later been identified several times—in Siberian camps in 1962 and 1966, and now most recently in isolation in the Butyrka prison in Moscow.

Was the identification accurate? The Soviet authorities appeared to think so. When they found out that Kaplan had mentioned meeting Wallenberg, they immediately re-arrested him and sent him to a camp in Komi in the northern Urals, six hundred miles from Moscow. Kaplan's daughter in Israel was threatened and warned not to talk about her father's discovery. As for the Swedish government, always timid in its dealings with the Soviet Union, it considered Kaplan's story important enough to send a request to the Soviet government, on January 3, 1979, for information on the whereabouts of Wallenberg. The Soviet reply, received on January 24, 1979, states that "there is, and cannot be, anything new in the case of Raoul Wallenberg."

And so, 34 years after World War II, Wallenberg remains in his cell in the Butyrka, the only man to serve a life sentence for having saved tens of thousands of Jews from the Nazi's gas ovens. □

Mr. Frantzell lives in Princeton, New Jersey and works for a publishing house. An article of his recently appeared in Soviet Analyst, *and he is at work on a study of early Chinese history.*

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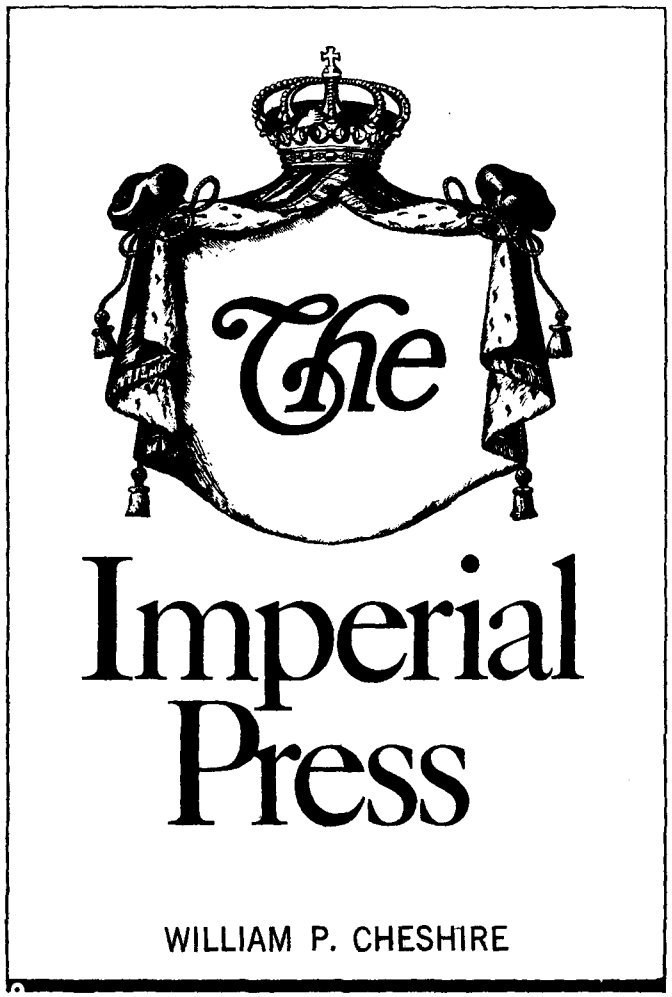

EUGENE MCCARTHY once remarked, with characteristic wryness, that the press was ". . . a little like the blackbirds in the fall. One flies off the telephone line, and the others fly away; and the other one comes back and sits down, and they all circle and they come down and sit . . . in a row again."

Mr. McCarthy provides an all-too-accurate approximation of the media's ordinary, unexceptional performance—or so it seems to me after something like twenty years in the business. Indeed, this urge to flock is among the more conspicuous features of the frequently wayward press, one that is instantly apparent even to newcomers among us.

"One gradually discovers," Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has observed, "a common trend of preferences within the press as a whole. . . . Without any censorship in the West, fashionable trends or ideas are carefully separated from those which are not fashionable. Nothing is forbidden, but what is not fashionable will hardly ever find its way into periodicals or books, or be heard in colleges. . . . There is a dangerous tendency to flock together."

Well, although Messrs. McCarthy and Solzhenitsyn, from their varying perspectives, may perceive the press as a flock of little blackbirds cheep-cheeping on the telephone line, I want to assure you that, on its own evaluation, the press occupies a considerably more exalted status. Let me introduce, by way of example, Mr. Myron Farber, *New York Times* reporter by day, aspiring author by night.

Proceeding on his way to jail after refusing to surrender his notes to a New Jersey trial court, Mr. Farber paused long enough to explain to a waiting world the underlying meaning of his defiance. "The issue here," Mr. Farber said, "is the right of an unfettered press to keep the country informed. . . . What I am trying to do," he said, "is uphold the Constitution of the United States."

Mr. Farber, you will recall, was ordered to jail for refusing to turn over for examination by the judge, in chambers, his notes in the murder trial of Dr. Mario E. Jascalevich. Mr. Farber's employer, the *Times*, supported and encouraged this stonewalling, for which complicity it was heavily fined.

Mr. Farber gratefully describes the *Times* as America's "premier newspaper," and I don't want to quarrel with the characterization. Where American journalism is concerned, the *Times* occupies a position of unique eminence. Even so, fair-minded persons, I think, must question the failure of the *Times* to level with its readers about the Farber case.

It turns out that, while Mr. Farber was sitting tight on his notebooks out of a patriotic concern for the supreme law of the land, he was under contract to Doubleday for a book about the murder trial and his own consequent ordeal. The publisher had paid him an advance of $75,000. Mr. Farber also was negotiating with Warner Brothers.

Now, no one will deny Mr. Farber's right to answer opportunity's knock. But when a man alleges to be fighting for a principle, it is sometimes instructive to know that he will pick up a bundle of cash in the process. Yet, strange to relate, America's "premier newspaper" kept Mr. Farber's commercial dealings quiet until defense attorneys forced the issue out into the open.

A. M. Rosenthal, executive editor of the *Times*, told Charles Seib of the *Washington Post* that he had known about the book contract for some little time, but didn't consider it worth including in the *Times*' lengthy—one would like to be able to say "exhaustive"—coverage of the Farber case. "Almost everybody is writing a book," Mr. Rosenthal said.

How does one account for this kind of hauteur on the part of what, if no one has thought to do so already, I should like to baptize "the Imperial Press"? The explanation is no mystery, surely. The press is powerful—more powerful than at any previous period in all history—and power and humility are strangers.

As is well known, Lord Macaulay described the press of his day as "a fourth estate of the realm," ranking alongside the Lords Temporal and Spiritual and the House of Commons. Napoleon, seizing on a military metaphor, thought "three hostile newspapers . . . more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." Egad. If that was so in the nineteenth century, what would these gentlemen think today?

We know what Lewis Lapham, the editor of *Harper's* magazine, thinks. He has said of the American press that it is "an occupying army," by which he means to suggest that

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it is at once powerful and alienated from the world it sits astride—a suggestion I, for one, find not in the least cheery.

Considering the formidable power of the press, it is scarcely surprising that the press swaggers and struts on occasion, and maybe this is just human nature and not especially regrettable. The important consideration is how well the press performs. Here the news is not altogether good—for reasons that appear to me to be related intimately to the press's good opinion of itself.

As it has watched its powers swell, I suggest to you, an important segment of the press has grown to despise its humble, working-class origins. It has learned to look down its nose at those ink-stained wretches of another time who prided themselves on a fusty allegiance to accuracy and fairness, men who would have seen today's "advocacy journalism" as nothing more than slanted reporting, a vice to be abjured. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who knows a thing or two about the mores of the media, has described the Washington press corps of our day as "one of the most important enduring social elites of the city, with all the accoutrements one associates with a leisured class."

It would be fair to add to that, I think, that this exalted social position has been accompanied in many cases—not in all cases, but in many—by an unbecoming salvationist ethic and a concomitant carelessness toward the whole truth. Puffed up with a sense of mission, the media all too often have come to look upon themselves as more than mere reporters. Prominent media figures, many of them, have come to regard themselves as a kind of clerisy—prophets, if you will—with a deliberate point of view.

They do not apologize for bias. They are proud of it. "Of all the myths of journalism, objectivity is the greatest," declares the Reverend Bill Moyers, former publisher of *Newsday*, sometime television pontiff, and once the press aide to President Lyndon B. Johnson.

"What is objective reporting?" Walter Cronkite once asked rhetorically on the CBS program *60 Minutes*. He answered himself as follows: "We try to present the news as objectively as possible, whether we like or don't like it," he said. "Now, *that's* objectivity."

If that is objectivity, then we are in big trouble. In Mr. Cronkite's view, it is sufficient for CBS correspondents, no matter how deficient, to "try" to present the news objectively. If they fail, never mind. They succeed merely by making the effort, as far as Mr. Cronkite is concerned.

This is as good an illustration as any of the careless, higgledy-piggledy approach to a serious business that is altogether too common among the Imperial Press. Our circumstances are not too different from those existing under the Roman Emperor Septimus Severus. "Much that never occurs is noised abroad," reported the Roman historian Dio Cassius, "and in the case of nearly every event a version gains currency that is different from the way it really happened." We know what happened to Imperial Rome, don't we?

Let me give you several illustrations of what can occur when the press is contemptuous of occurrences diverging from the preferred point of view.

On September 21, 1976, Orlando Letelier and two of his associates at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington were motoring toward their office when a bomb attached to the automobile exploded, killing Mr. Letelier and one of his associates, a young woman.

Mr. Letelier was to have left for Havana that very day, for which reason his briefcase bulged with correspondence to and from friends in that city. Mr. Letelier, it has to be understood, had been Chile's ambassador to Washington during the "progressive" rule of Salvador Allende, Chile's Marxist president. Mr. Letelier took refuge in the United States after the Pinochet coup and was a man greatly beloved by that elite to which Mr. Moynihan referred.

Unfortunately for Mr. Letelier's reputation as a liberal martyr, the bomb that blew up his car likewise blew his cover. The contents of his briefcase spilled into the street, there to be retrieved by nosy policemen looking for clues. Mr. Letelier, it turned out, was in the pay of Cuban Intelligence. He had been busily engaged in Washington disbursing money and otherwise working to undermine support for Chile's anti-Communist government in hopes of installing a Castro-style totalitarian regime.

One incriminating letter—the briefcase contained many—was from Beatrice Allende Fernandez, daughter of Chile's former president and wife of Luis Fernandez Ona, reportedly the Number Two man in the Cuban secret police. Mrs. Fernandez spoke of sending Mr. Letelier an initial payment of $5,000 in cash, which amount she said would be supplemented by $1,000 a month "for your work."

After a long silence, during which the media watchdogs lay snoozing, news of Mr. Letelier's Cuban connection eventually found its way into print via columnists Jack Anderson, Rowland Evans, and Robert Novak; and the watchdogs began at last to scratch themselves and to yap, but not in the way you might imagine.

The press is powerful—more powerful than at any period in all history—and power and humility are strangers

The *Washington Post*, for example, hurried into print a friendly story by Lee Lescaze of the *Post* staff, whose "unimpeachable" sources later turned out to have been none other than Mr. Letelier's former associates over at the Institute for Policy Studies, a left-wing think-tank. Since he didn't read Spanish himself, Mr. Lescaze relied on translations helpfully provided by the IPS.

Some of the *Post*'s readers found this a bit odd. "I think it's ridiculous," said Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media, the press critic, "that the *Post* sends a reporter who doesn't speak Spanish to go over and examine documents that are written in Spanish." Mr. Irvine addressed a letter of complaint to the editor of the *Post*. The *Post* declined to print it. He attempted to buy advertising space in the *Post*. The *Post*, alleging inaccuracies in his criticism of its news coverage, refused to sell him advertising space.

The *Post*, I might interject here, sold a full-page adver-

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tisement two months later to the government of North Korea for the purpose of honoring "the great leader President Kim Il Sung" and denouncing "the South Korean puppet clique" and "U.S. imperialists and their stooges [who are] hatching all sorts of crafty plots to perpetuate the division of our country."

I played a small part myself in the campaign to have Mr. Letelier's Cuban connection given the public airing it deserved. In April 1977 I wrote our wire service in New York, requesting a story on the Letelier correspondence for use in my newspaper.

Several months elapsed, during which period it was necessary to prod the wire service more than a few times. Its reporters, I was told, were unable to put their hands on the documents. The Justice Department was uncooperative, the wire service explained. They could get no help either from the Institute for Policy Studies, which evidently was cooperating only with English-speaking reporters for the *Post*.

From my nerve center in Greensboro, N.C., however, I was able to arrange for access to all the documents. Still the wire service produced no story because, as the New York office explained, the letters were written in Spanish, as I had indicated at the outset. "After we have translated and studied them," I was assured, "we will get back to you."

My patience nearing an end, I responded that, while I had no wish to appear smart-alecky, Spanish scarcely presented the same difficulty as Linear B script. I could not help being distressed, I said, by the wire service's persistent lack of resourcefulness. I also hinted that our exchange of correspondence might interest my readers. That did it: the wire service responded by writing a thinly disguised complaint to my publishing company in Norfolk. Finally, in July, it did get around to producing an undistinguished story for its clients in this country and around the world. By then, of course, the "news" was four months old.

THIS KIND of disdain for important stories is by no means rare. Examples abound. In June of last year, Cambodian refugees living in the U.S. assembled in Washington to protest publicly the genocide taking place in their homeland and to appeal to Congress and the American people for help. Chang Song, a former Cambodian information minister, told of mass executions and a policy of deliberate starvation by the Khmer Rouge—a grim pogrom largely overlooked by the press of this country up to that time, even though the death toll then stood at possibly two million.

Several members of Congress lent their support to the rally. So did a representative of the American Jewish Committee, who read a resolution of protest on the committee's behalf. Camera crews from two of the three major networks were present, filming the event. But no footage ever appeared on the air. No word of the rally appeared in the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Star*, or the *New York Times*.

The *Post*, on whose ample doorstep this rally took place, professes deep concern for the plight of the Cambodian people, but the *Post*'s own index shows only three news stories about human rights in Cambodia during all of 1977 —a year in which the same newspaper carried no fewer than 44 stories on human rights violations in Chile.

This same cautious avoidance of unwelcome news events is apparent on the opposite side of the globe as well. Let me read you a news story: "Moscow—Red Army troops fired on hungry rioters in the remote Soviet village of Novocherkassk today, killing seventy to eighty persons, according to reliable reports. Army reinforcements were ordered into action after police and local army units refused to disperse the villagers, who were protesting a shortage of bread and other food. Official confirmation could not be obtained, and no word of the uprising has appeared in Moscow newspapers. But Soviet government officials privately acknowledged the incident, news of which first became known through a U.S. Embassy source."

This incident occurred in 1962, but no one heard about it.

As the public loses confidence in the press, so will it cease to care greatly when the rights of the press—the legitimate rights—are transgressed

The news story I have just cited was prepared for this piece. When the slaughter occurred in Novocherkassk, I regret to say, the world's press was nowhere to be found. R. G. Ensz, then an Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, offers this explanation: "None of this information appeared in the Western press because American correspondents in Moscow, including myself, feared they would be expelled if they reported the riot." In those days, he says, newsmen were practicing "self-censorship."

The gnawing suspicion refuses to go away that the truth sometimes is embargoed still. Was it self-censorship, I cannot help wondering, when *Time* magazine took a look at the "World Festival of Youth and Students"—a Soviet-run propagandafest in Havana—and found nothing more than a harmless gathering of "socialists" (to use *Time*'s description) baking in the sun?

Was it self-censorship when the *Washington Post*'s trendy "Style" section interviewed Joshua Nkomo, leader of the Soviet-supplied Patriotic Front in Rhodesia, and was reminded of no one so much as "Benjamin Franklin and Frederick Douglass"? Mr. Nkomo's Patriotic Front, I hardly need to remind you, has attracted a gasping world's attention by the gusto with which it has gone about bashing in the heads of priests and nuns and machine-gunning air-crash survivors.

Considering the quality of reporting we sometimes get, I confess that it strikes me as more than a little brassy for the press to suggest that Dr. Jascalevich, who was trying to beat a murder rap with the help of Myron Farber's notes—it strikes me as a little brassy, I say, for the press to suggest that Dr. Jascalevich take his chances with the hangman.

One more example before I quit. Three years ago, the Natural Resources Defense Council, an environmentalist group, brought suit against then-Assistant Interior Secretary Royston Hughes. The NRDC wanted the Interior Department to stop leasing federal coal lands. Last September, the U.S. District Court ruled against the government and

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ordered Interior to rewrite its Environmental Impact Statements on coal leasing, effectively freezing any new leases until this could be done.

This story has been covered, after a fashion, but an interesting element of it has been ignored outside the mining industry. One of the lawyers preparing the government's Environmental Impact Statements was employed until last year by the NRDC to prepare its case against the government. When this lawyer left the NRDC to go to work for Uncle Sam, he was replaced by another lawyer who, up until that time, had been on the staff of the Sierra Club, the environmentalist group. And guess who represented the government in the original suit. Assistant U.S. Attorney J. Moorman, who came to the Justice Department from the Sierra Club, where he had been executive director of its legal defense fund.

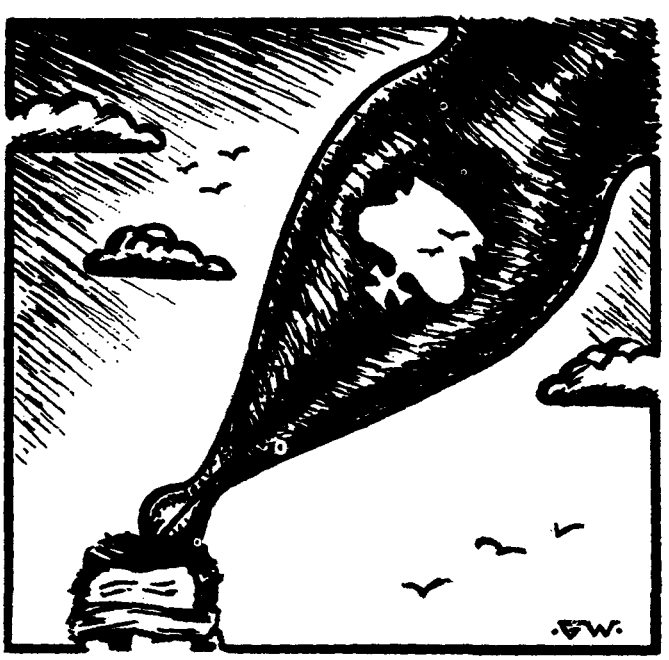
Now, there is nothing illegal or unethical in all of this shuffling of staffs. Even so, what results is scarcely an "adversary" relationship in the usual sense. Some, in fact, would find here an unavoidable conflict of interests, and if the National Coal Association had been involved instead of the Sierra Club, my nose tells me the story would have been more thoroughly researched.

I do not mean to suggest that any sort of conspiracy exists among the press. Others may say so, but it is twaddle. What I do mean to suggest is that the power of the press has reached unprecedented dimensions and that the arrogance of the press has kept pace.

This is evident when newspapers like the *Washington Post* refuse to make room in their letters sections for legitimate dissent—or illegitimate dissent, for that matter.

It is evident when ABC refuses to accommodate, through paid advertising or simply fair reporting, Mobil Oil's objections to the network's highly flavored characterization of the natural-gas controversy—requiring the oil company, if it wants to reply, to purchase advertising in the *Wall Street Journal*.

It is evident when a reporter for America's "premier newspaper" wraps himself in the Constitution and hides his notes, all the while being secretly under contract to a book publisher and negotiating with a movie company—news of which lucrative commerce his newspaper elects to keep from the public.



When you come down to it, what ever gave the media the notion that they ought to be immune to subpoenas and other forms of legal process, long honored—and for good reason—throughout the English-speaking world? Power gave it to them—power, pride, and arrogance. In my mind's eye I see the members of my craft, press cards stuck in their pork-pie hats, clutching copies of the First Amendment in their fists and bellowing, "Honey, give me rewrite." I don't mind telling you that it gives me an uneasy feeling in the stomach.

In an address not long ago to a rally of the faithful, ABC's Howard K. Smith, whom I greatly respect, went so far as to suggest that, when the U.S. Supreme Court declined to fence off the media from authorized searches of the kind permitted by the Bill of Rights, it was engaged in what Mr. Smith called—and I quote him—a "Nazi-like" invasion of sacred First Amendment rights. Well, horsefeathers, I would say to Mr. Smith.

This kind of blind arrogance neither endears journalists to the public nor encourages popular support for the bona-fide rights of the press. When the luminaries of my business are so unstrung, so far removed from reality, that they can denounce due process as "Nazi-like," the public is entitled to one loud raspberry on the house.

UNFORTUNATELY, a good deal more is at stake here than simply the sensibilities of the press. As the public loses confidence in the press, so will it cease to care greatly when the rights of the press—the legitimate rights—are transgressed. An arrogant, prideful press may have rights, but it will have few friends to speak of, and a friendless press is a press more enfeebled than is healthy for the Republic.

If I seem to be excessively critical of my profession, it is only because I am troubled—troubled by its sometimes haughty and indifferent performance, troubled by the consequent cost in public confidence, troubled by the long-term implications for the press itself. With the press, as with individuals, the beginning of wisdom is humility—a virtue whose value my profession has not always seemed to comprehend.

At a news conference a few days after his election, Pope John Paul I, who once confessed that he would have become a journalist if he hadn't become a priest, admonished the members of my calling to be faithful stewards. The serious and important work of the press, he told them, cannot be over-estimated. Why, he said, if Saint Paul were alive today, he would be a director of Reuters. And not only a director of Reuters, said the Pope: Saint Paul would ask the director of Italian television to give him time on the air.

I do not know how they manage these matters in Italy and Vatican City. But speaking as one member of an infallible vocation to another, I could have said this to His Holiness: In the United States of America, Saint Paul would be lucky indeed to get his epistles published in the *Washington Post*. □

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INFLATION-FIGHTING

Indexing the Tax System

DONALD J. SENESE

THE NEWSPAPERS tell us that inflation is running at about 14 per cent per annum. The effect of this on the buying power of Americans is disastrous, but at least it is commonly recognized. It can be measured with every consumer purchase. However, inflation has an even more insidious effect on the real earnings of Americans: the tax windfall which accrues to the government through "bracket creep." Unfortunately, this effect is *not* commonly understood—because it is hidden, and because many people in government have a personal interest in seeing it continue. Fortunately, there is a solution: indexing.

Bracket creep works something like this. Say a family of four earns $15,000 a year; it pays $1,385, or about 9.2 per cent, in federal income tax. If, in the following year, inflation runs at 7 per cent and wages are raised to keep pace, that $15,000 income would rise to $16,050. The family's buying power would so far remain the same. But because of the increase in wages, the family would find that its tax bill had risen to $1,613, or approximately 10 per cent of its income. The 7 per cent raise, a merely inflationary raise, had pushed the family into a tax bracket with higher marginal rates. Its *real* buying power had actually decreased.

Indexing would adjust the tax rates to accommodate inflation. It would alter the personal tax rates, the personal exemption, and the zero bracket amount (which has replaced the standard deduction) to match increases in the Consumer Price Index (CPI). An individual's taxes would increase only as his real income increased. The illusory wage increase caused by inflation would not be taxed.

A good idea cannot be ignored forever, and so indexing has gradually gained the support of influential lawmakers and economists. Milton Friedman was an early advocate. Walter Wriston of Citicorp, former Treasury Secretary William Simon, and Harvard Professor Martin Feldstein all support indexing. Elsewhere in the world, Argentina, Brazil, Denmark, France, Israel, and Luxembourg have introduced indexing into their tax systems. The most notable recent convert is Canada, which began indexing its personal income tax in 1973. (Senator Edward Kennedy, so full of praise for Canada's *national health plan*, has ignored that country's tax innovations.)

The U.S. Congress finally took serious notice in 1978. The fate of tax indexing in the 95th Congress says a great deal about which lawmakers are really on the side of the taxpayer. And it is encouraging about the prospects for tax indexing in the 96th.

Representative Philip Crane (R., Ill.) had introduced a bill for comprehensive tax indexing as long ago as the 93rd Congress. But it was Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.) and Representative Willis D. Gradison Jr. (R., Ohio) who became the chief promoters of the idea in 1978. The Dole bill would have partially indexed income, estate, and gift taxes, to the tune of two-thirds of the increase in the C.P.I. The Gradison bill provided for full indexation.

GRADISON unveiled his proposal in the House Ways and Means Committee, during debate on the Revenue Act of 1978. He argued persuasively for it but saw it defeated, 13 to 23. Then Texas Republican William Archer shrewdly offered an amendment to the Revenue Act to limit indexing to capital gains taxes. The Archer amendment became part of the larger debate on capital gains, the central focus of tax reform debate in the 95th Congress.

Archer did another smart thing. He limited the indexing proposal to three types of capital gains—real property, personal property, and capital stock, the types of gain most likely to be looked upon favorably by congressmen. According to Archer's amendment, after 1980 the dollar amount of any of these capital gains would have been reduced by the amount of inflation as recorded by the CPI. Only the *real* gain would be taxed.

The momentum was behind capital gains tax reduction, and the Archer amendment was swept up in the tide. Shock of shocks, it passed (21 to 16) in the Ways and Means Committee. It even survived (19 to 18) a move to reconsider.

Capital gains occur through the sale of property (a home, for example, or stock) which has increased in value over time; they are taxed at half the rate of ordinary income. But because capital gains often build up over a large number of years, inflation is especially distorting when they are eventually taxed. In a study for the National Bureau of Economic Research, Martin Feldstein (with Joel Slemrod) noted that, in 1973, individuals paid taxes on capital gains of $4.6 billion. The tax liability was $1.1 billion. But tax liability on *real* capital gains would have been only $661 million. Inflation had boosted the taxes by $500 million.

With evidence like this, congressmen began to realize that high taxes on capital gains force individual investors to withdraw from the stock market. Such taxes impede economic growth, capital formation, and the creation of new jobs in the private sector. The capital gains taxes also hurt the homeowner; he must pay for the inflated value of his house twice: in property taxes throughout his years of ownership, and then again when he sells it.

During floor debate in the House, Archer pleaded that without his amendment the Federal Government "will continue to insidiously rob the people . . . of their savings by taxing inflation instead of real gain." He argued that a reduction in capital gains taxes would help curb the housing cost spiral. It would encourage home-builders, large and small, and it would allow people to buy and sell more easily.

Mr. Senese is a senior research associate of the House Republican Study Committee. He is the author of Indexing the Inflationary Impact of Taxes: The Necessary Economic Reform, *published by the Heritage Foundation.*

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Archer and Gradison found some unlikely allies. Ways and Means member Otis Pike, a quasi-populist (now retired), cited the cases of two homeowners who had realized an inflated capital gain. One of them had actually suffered a real capital loss; but both ended up paying taxes on their presumed gain. Pike called it "the most unfair provision which . . . we have in our tax code." Florida Democrat Sam Gibbons, a moderate, noted how inflation reduced the real value of investments. He said a cut in the capital gains tax would, in the long run, provide *more* revenue to the Federal Government by spurring more investment and greater prosperity.

THE OPPOSITION—formidable, as expected—came from Carter lobbyists, Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman (D., Ore.), and the rest of the House Democratic leadership. But the coalition held. The vote was 249 to 167, with 107 Democrats joining 142 Republicans to carry the Archer amendment. The House of Representatives, dominated by a 2 to 1 Democratic majority, had rejected the pleas of a Democratic President and a Democratic House leadership, and voted an important departure from traditional U.S. tax law.

Earlier in the year Senator Dole's bill was scheduled for a hearing before the Subcommittee on Taxation and Debt Management of the Senate Committee on Finance. An impressive group of witnesses—including former Senator James L. Buckley and William Fellner, a former member of the Council of Economic Advisors—endorsed the concept. Senator Dole offered an indexing amendment, which failed by one vote. When indexing was brought up as an amendment on the Senate floor on October 6, it was tabled, 53 to 37. The proposal would have saved taxpayers an estimated $1 to $1.25 billion annually for each percentage point of inflation.

In spite of its tax reform rhetoric, the Carter Administration opposed any form of indexing. Testifying before the Senate subcommittee, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Tax Analysis Emil M. Sunley said inflation rates were not high enough to justify indexing. He cited the growth of the American economy without indexing. He said periodic tax cuts were enough to offset the impact of inflation not only on tax rates but also on the growth of real per capita income. Indexing, he said, would increase the complexity of the tax system. It would increase the record-keeping requirements of individuals and firms. It would prompt arbitrary decisions in areas of income measurement where no consensus has emerged among economists or businessmen (for example, adjusting depreciation, debts).

Never mind that Sunley exhibited a rare governmental concern for the paperwork burdens of businessmen and individual taxpayers. And never mind that the Carter Administration still opposes Kemp-Roth and other "periodic tax cuts" designed to reduce the effect of bracket creep. Sunley wasn't mentioning the more potent reasons for the Carter Administration's opposition. Indexing as an automatic procedure in the tax code would remove the windfall reaped by the government.

The key point is that tax increases caused by inflation are *unlegislated*. Such hefty tax increases could never be passed if congressmen were forced to present them to the voters each year, especially in election years. Without indexing, the public sector is allowed to grow vis-à-vis the private sector; and it can do so surreptitiously. The Carter Administration would find it difficult, under indexing, to fund new programs (national health insurance) and to expand existing ones (CETA). The special interests would howl. (The Liberal government in Canada introduced no new programs for three years after indexing was instituted.) Milton Friedman has perceptively described the tendency: "The effect of inflation on taxes makes inflation very attractive to the political authorities: they can propose and vote tax cuts while the effective tax rate goes up. How to have your cake and eat it too!"

Unfortunately, the political authorities eventually prevailed. The Archer amendment was dropped in the Senate-House conference. The Revenue Act of 1978 passed Congress and was signed by President Carter without any indexing provision.

Opponents of indexing can be found on the Right and the Left. Liberals want the added income the government receives from inflation, which funds their favorite social programs. Some conservatives worry that indexing will worsen inflation by raising the federal deficit, requiring the government to borrow more money. They believe it will provide little real incentive for taxpayers to conduct their own fight against inflation. Yet, in war and in peace, during full employment and during widespread unemployment, federal spending continues to climb—and significant rates of inflation become a constant in the American economy. Indexing is not a cure-all for inflation. But it will provide some relief for taxpayers.

Professor Feldstein notes that the U.S. tax laws were written for an economy with little or no inflation. In an economy with inflation rates of 6 to 8 per cent, let alone 14 per cent, this system functions badly.

WHAT ARE the prospects for indexing in the 96th Congress? This Congress entered office as the "austerity" Congress, opposed (during the campaign, at least) to government spending, heavy taxation, and federal regulation. The movement in the states for a constitutional convention to adopt a balanced budget amendment has reinforced this mood. The momentum is there for action on indexing. Senator Dole has abandoned his original bill (providing for adjustment based on two-thirds of the CPI) in favor of the Tax Equalization Act. This is the same as Gradison's full-indexation measure. The bill has twenty co-sponsors, twice as many as his original proposal. Gradison finished up the 95th Congress with 120 co-sponsors; he has obtained that many already in the "austere" 96th. Spurred by his success last year, Representative Archer has introduced the Asset Indexing Act of 1979, a proposal to eliminate inflation as a factor in computing taxes on the sale of assets such as a home or corporate stock.

The Democratic leadership still opposes indexing. But it cannot remain obstinate forever. Everyone knows that politicians like to announce tax cuts in an election year. A tax cut proposal in 1980 would be the appropriate vehicle for re-opening the debate on the tax code. It could present the needed opportunity for indexing. The bills are in place, the leaders are identified, and the trial run is over. □

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RUSSIAN BAPTISTS

A Meeting with the Vins Family

ARKADY POLISHCHUK

GENERAL Petro Grigorenko, Aleksandr Ginzburg, a large group of Ukrainians, and a sizable press contingent were gathered at Kennedy Airport on the evening of June 14 to greet the family of Georgi Vins. Vins is the Ukrainian Baptist minister who was released by the Soviet Union last April, along with Ginzburg and three others, in exchange for two Soviet spies. As part of the deal, Georgi Vins's family—his mother, wife, and children—was also to be freed, and now, two months later, that pledge was being carried out. Since Vins was away from New York when they were due to arrive and could not get back in time to meet them, we were trying our best to take his place. We never got to see them.

Perhaps somebody in the State Department feared that a triumphant arrival would unduly embarrass President Carter on the eve of the Vienna summit. Whatever the reason, we had to leave Kennedy Airport without welcoming our friends.

That night Peter Vins, Georgi Vins's oldest son, telephoned to tell us that the State Department had taken them to a Catholic convent on Long Island, where Aleksandr Ginzburg and I met them the next morning.

"They [the Soviet authorities] did not stop tormenting us up until the moment we boarded the plane taking us West," we were told by Lidia Vins, Georgi's 72-year-old mother. "When we arrived in Moscow, they refused us rooms in the hotel. We had to sleep on the floor of a friend's apartment. The customs officials at the airport confiscated all our papers. When we got to Frankfurt, we were taken to a nice hotel, which was quite a change, but even there we kept expecting more harassment."

The old lady leans heavily on her cane. She has endured the death of her husband in one of Stalin's camps, and then her son's long imprisonments. When she was 65—and seriously ill—she too was sentenced to three years in a concentration camp.

She turns to me. "You are working so hard for Christian emigration, but that is not the main issue," she tells me. "The most important thing is to stop the Soviet authorities from persecuting believers."

Nadezhda, Vins's wife, underlines the point. "In Kiev before our departure," she told me, "several hundred Christians came to say goodbye to us. The KGB arrested them all 'for purposes of identification' and threatened them with reprisals."

Peter had been released from prison three months before his father's exchange—but not from KGB harassment. The KGB beat him brutally on several occasions. He showed us the scars from knife wounds on his right leg, a memento of their most recent attack on him.

After breakfast, the Vinses packed up for their trip to Vermont, where Georgi Vins awaited them. As the other children loaded the car, the youngest boy proudly showed Aleksandr Ginzburg and me his brand-new toy—a self-propelled car: "This is what my Daddy sent me!"

"He is nearly six years old," his mother said, "and he has never seen his father." Lowering her voice, she added: "He is convinced that such a nice toy could come only from his father. It is almost unbelievable that we will have now a normal family life. Georgi has spent 17 years in camps, prisons, prison hospitals, or in hiding . . ."

From Prison to Freedom

My first meeting with Georgi Vins had taken place several weeks earlier. The day after the exchange, I happened to be taking a plane from Washington to New York. As I was waiting for my flight, somebody tapped me on the shoulder. It was Michael Bourdeaux, director of the Center for the Study of Religion and Communism, whom I had last seen in England.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. By way of explanation, Michael introduced me to Georgi Vins. Vins looked confused; his face was unnaturally pale and his dark eyes quite remote, as if he simply could not come to terms with recent events.

"Just a few days ago I could not imagine this; I was in a prison hospital," he said quietly. "Just three days ago I was sharing a bunk bed with alcoholics and robbers, preparing myself for my five-year banishment to the Yamal Peninsula."

"And today you were a guest of the American President," I interjected.

"Indeed," he replied, still thinking of that swift transition from prison to freedom in the West. "We were told nothing. We walked down the steps from the plane at Kennedy Terminal, all five of us, unaware of each other's identity,

(Continues on page 1053)

Up until 1973 Mr. Polishchuk was managing editor of the Soviet magazine Asia and Africa Today. *That year he left the magazine, the Union of Soviet Journalists, and the Communist Party and joined the dissident movement. Four years later he was expelled from the Soviet Union. He now lives in New York City. Mr. Polishchuk has written for* Pravda, Izvestia, *and* Literaturnaya Gazeta. *This is his first appearance in* NR.

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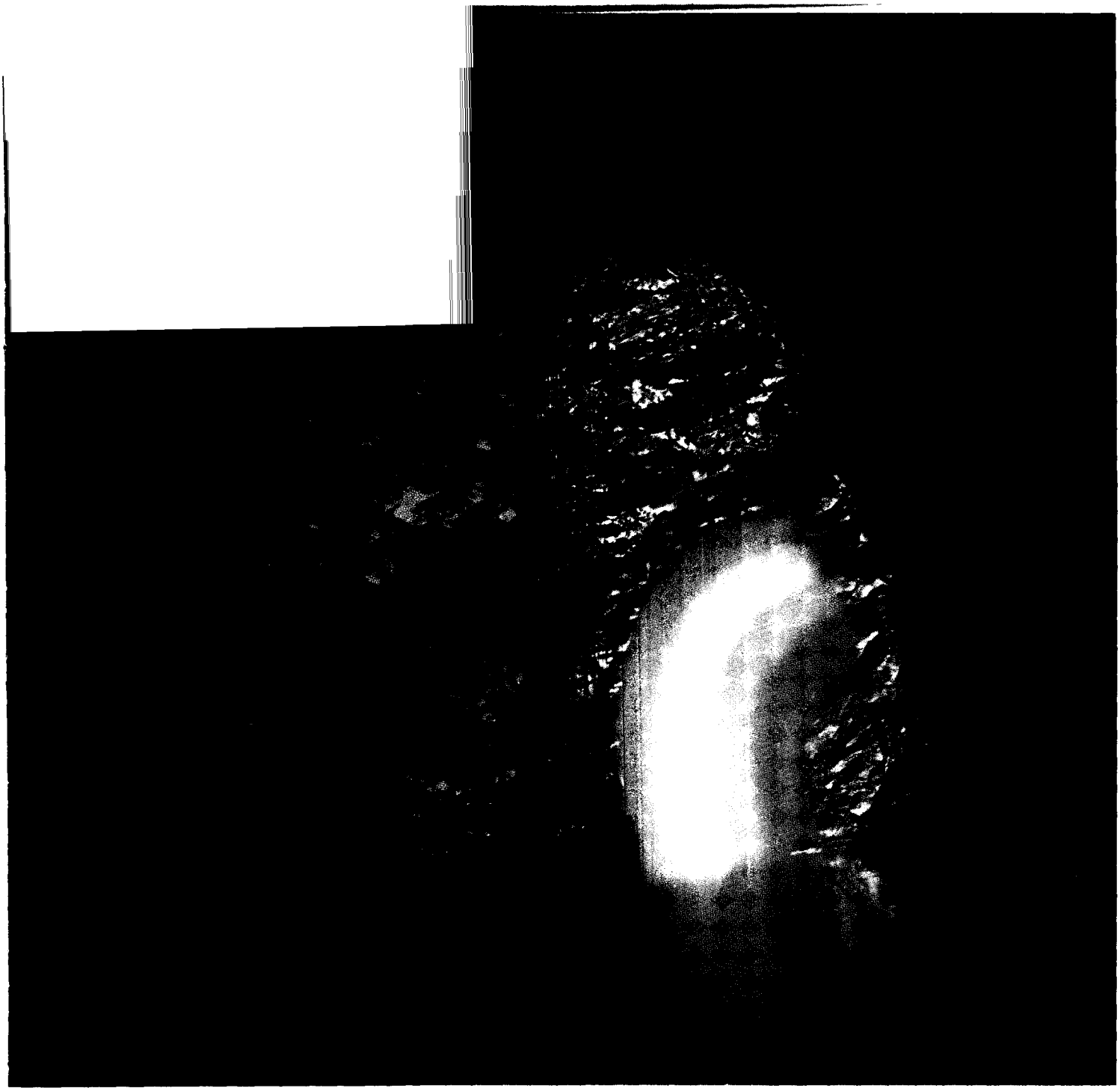

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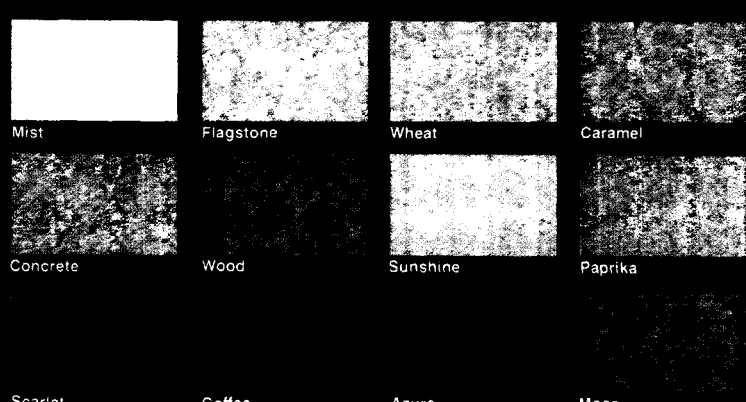

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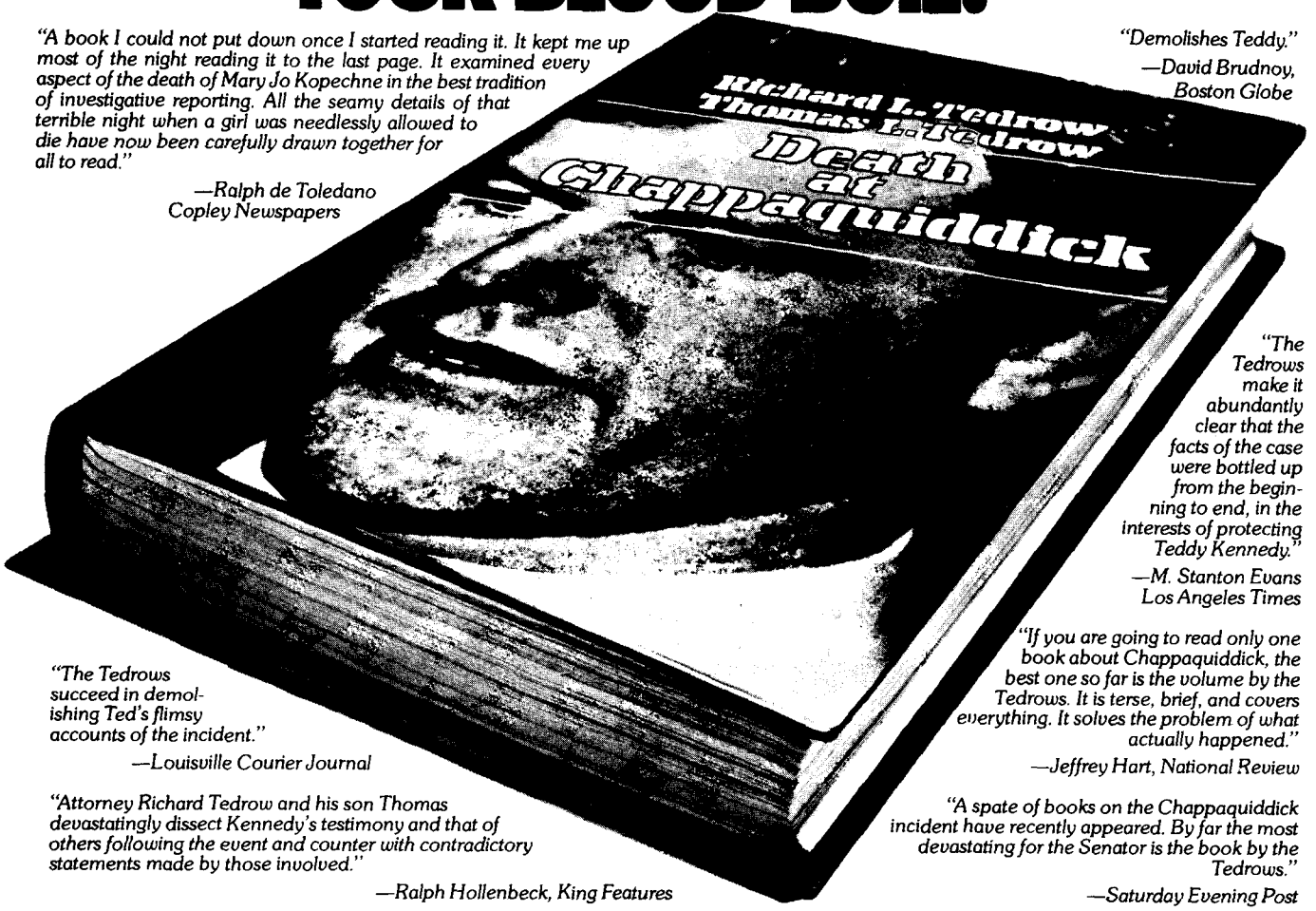

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CHEER UP, JIMMY

Governor Brown Had a Bad Week Too

PHILIP NICOLAIDES

While national media attention was fixed on the White House and the multiple convulsions in the Carter Cabinet, some pretty interesting things were happening at the other end of the country which will also affect the 1980 outcome. This time, for a change, it was good news for Jimmy Carter: Governor Jerry Brown, the nearest thing to an announced Democratic challenger, has begun to self-destruct like doomed Skylab, tumbling and breaking apart with a last gasp of pyrotechnics in the night-time sky.

The last time the national media paid much attention to California's young, ambitious, enigmatic governor was when he toured Africa with rock star Linda Ronstadt. Still earlier, Brown rated headlines when he suddenly fell in love with Proposition 13 after opposing it vigorously for months. He made the switch just in time to go on the 10:00 P.M. news, as early election returns indicated that the draconian tax-cutting measure would carry by a landslide. Then in the intervening weeks before his own re-election Brown became such a zealous champion of "Prop 13" that its originator, Howard Jarvis, taped laudatory commercials that Brown used in his campaign.

The secret of political success, Brown once confided to a convention of adolescents, was to "paddle a little on the left side and then paddle a little on the right side, and keep going right down the middle." When he ran against lackluster Republican challenger Evelle Younger, Brown was paddling hard on the right. He won easily and delivered an inaugural that sounded like a term paper submitted by a graduate student in one of Milton Friedman's classes.

Brown's public relations stunts—like flying to Washington to demand more gasoline from Carter—and his ideological acrobatics have led some observers to dismiss him as a "moonbeam"—Superflake, masquerading as the son of mild-mannered Edmund G. Brown Sr. Others see him as a real comer, an agile opportunist who has tuned in to what works in today's dizzying post-McLuhan politics.

But Brown's latest stunt has misfired badly and handed him more setbacks in one week than he's known since he became governor. Here's what happened. Egged on by Jane Fonda and her husband Tom Hayden, Brown filled a vacancy on the Orange County Board of Supervisors with one Edward Miller, an ex-POW who taped broadcasts for his Communist captors while in prison in Hanoi. That, by the way, is where he met his political fairy-godmother, Jane Fonda. Why *she* was there is well known.

Such an appointment to a post of governance would probably not be popular anywhere in California. But Orange County isn't just anywhere. It's one of the few heavily populated counties that went for Barry Goldwater in 1964. At the time of Miller's appointment it had just got through renaming its airfield "John Wayne Orange County Airport" in honor of a long-time resident. This was the least likely place anywhere to accept such an appointment without a murmur. Under the circumstances, Brown's timing was appropriate: he made the announcement on Friday the 13th.

The response was immediate and volcanic. It has been growing in intensity ever since. At least two county officials resigned in protest. The local and state chairmen of Brown's own party deplored the appointment. Congressman Dornan called it "disgusting." Howard Jarvis called it "sickening." And a lot of ordinary Californians in and out of Orange County called it and Governor Brown things it is not polite to print.

There was speculation that Brown had picked Miller (against the counsel of many seasoned Democratic advisors) because Fonda and Hayden had insisted upon it, offering in return to raise $3 million for his presidential bid from their well-heeled Malibu–Beverly Hills coterie. Astute columnist Richard Reeves opined that Brown needed the support of the hard-charging young activists of Hayden's "Campaign for Economic Democracy." The CED has been building grassroots strength in California through its well-oiled drives against nuclear power and for rent control.

Reeves reports Hayden is now Brown's chief advisor, conferring with

(Continues on page 1055)

Mr. Nicolaides served until recently on the California staff of Representative Robert K. Dornan. He was formerly a radio commentator in Houston.

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help !!!!

Holland

"It's Sheik Yamani offering to sell us camels."

THE INNER CIRCLE

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The Hyena

f set upon by a hyena,
'ou'll end up surely somewhat leaner.
'ou must not mind too much—for he
s acting hyenaturally.

Ie's well equipped with crushing jaws.
The reason is no doubt because
Ie has to work quite hard to chew
f he's to eat the bones in you.

o if you plan to stay alive
'ou really must some way contrive
o watch for danger spots, to wit:
The places where hyenasit.

Also to be eschewed are packs;
While one hyena sometimes lacks
The wit or strength, it's sure a bunch
Will have you quickly in for lunch.

Hyenas morals suit them fine,
For when it comes to what is thine,
They reckon what the lion nabs
's also something up for grabs.

Be glad, my friend, as you can be,
f in hyenability
You do not measure up to snuff . . .
A real hyena's quite enough.

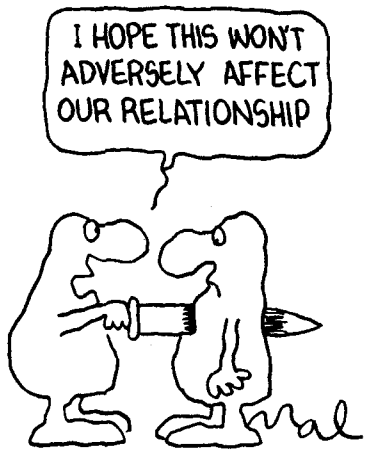
The Crocodile

lease join me while I knock awhile
he self-indulging crocodile.
Ie'll eat you if he can, of course,
nd show no signs of true remorse.

'ou must not count the tears he'll shed,
s friends do when they hear you're dead
o crocodile will really cry
f you should ever crocodie.

or is he ever apt to snub
he slightest thing that looks like grub.
Ie helps to keep the rivers clean:
Ie's ecologically keen.

h do not venture where he muds . . .
nless you're wearing crocoduds.



The Elephant

Oh kind and mighty elephant,
I find you highly relephant:
In circumstances where others fight
Your policy's to be polite.

You're always eager to discuss
When hippopotamusses fuss.
And when the lion's acting mean,
Why, you stay peaceful and serene.

It's clear your elephantasies
Do not include the bad disease
Of thinking elephants are for
The vulgar act of making war.

I wish that you would please explain
The gentle secrets of your brain.
Oh could you make it clear to me
Just what is your philosophy?

"I used to be a mastodon,
With tusks that weighed about a ton;
I got in fights, to tell the truth,
With neighbors like the saber-tooth.

"But fighting soon became a bore.
(Besides, my hide got very sore.)
And so I made it my resolve:
The thing to do was to evolve.

"I found a thickening of skin
Could help to keep my anger in.
A little flapping of the ears
Was good for cooling down my fears.

"And last of all, but hardly least,
I found it soothed the savage beast
To keep a healthy point of view:
All good elephantibodies do."

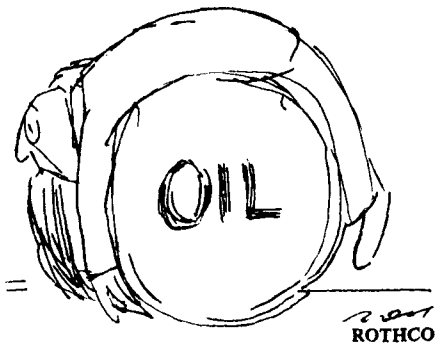
The Camel

The camel in his caravan,
He treks across the wide Sudan,
The Gobi, and some other places.
I'm sure he much prefers oases.

He dreams when sands are blowing hot
Of some cool desert Camelot
Where he is King and men say, "Sir,"
And ask him, "What do you prefer?"

But he must put his dreams away
To face reality each day
And carry on as best he can,
This Asian or Arabian.

I know my temper would disjoint
In heat that's near camelting point.
He fades into a blue mirage,
Quite hidden by his camelflage.



The Giraffe

Oh good and glorious giraffe,
I'd like to speak in your behalf.
It's clear that there are very few
Who decorate the world like you.

Are you playful? Are you solemn?
When you bang your spinal column
Are you quarreling or laughing,
As you do this strange giraffing?

You eat your meals two stories high;
It's claimed zoologists know why.
I'm sure that any king or queen
Would envy such an haute cuisine.

JOHANNES EFF

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DAY-GLO ADIDAS

The Jog-Alongs

NICHOLAS KING

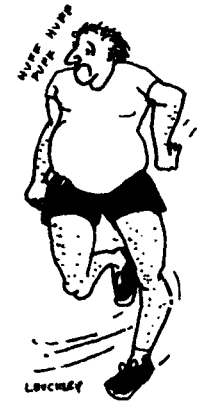
THE REAL TROUBLE with joggers —they want to be "runners" now, but joggers they shall continue to be—is that you can never for a moment forget about them. And the reason you can never forget about them is that they are never out of your sight. Early in the morning, of course, and at dusk; but they are also there at noontide as they are at midnight. No matter where you cast your eye in the city landscape, and ever more frequently in the country too, there is someone decked out in shorts and sweatshirt and headband and rhinoceros sneakers, or varying combinations of these, pounding along with eyes rolled back, mouth in contortion, breath coming in wheezing gulps, dragging himself ostentatiously along the pavement like one of the more gruesome penitents of the Spanish school.

Where were they five years ago, these doctors and lawyers and bankers and fashion designers and television courtiers? What angel has pointed out to them the path to the paradise of public fitness? "I feel sick when I think of all the time and money I wasted on skiing and tennis," laments one of them, presumably because fewer people could then notice him. Jogging is the faddist exercise par excellence. The ordinary citizen takes one look and asks himself, "Why not me?" And so he jogs along with twenty million of his fellow Americans.

The surest evidence of faddism lies in the circumstance that joggers go to such lengths to call attention to themselves. Dress comes first, and preferably it should be well-worn, ragged even, the way people used to wear their blue jeans. Once this meant old shorts and T-shirts or underwear tops, but then came sweatsuits and warm-up clothes striped with gold or silver or scarlet and encrusted with seals, badges, and other virility symbols. Headbands followed, mainly Indian and some with built-in transistor earphones; jogging brassières; day-glo gloves; perspiration socks; chronometers and pedometers; anti-pollution face masks; and ultrasonic devices attached somewhere or other to frighten away snapping dogs. Meanwhile, the serviceable sneaker, shooting smoothly past the $60 mark, became a fashion vehicle by itself, striped, layered, superstructured, and given a new name. Naturally, this paraphernalia is too important merely to be worn for exercise at odd hours, so its wearers use it to go shopping or to the movies. And there are, fatally, people who get themselves up in such gear but never jog at all, like the after-ski crowd.

Then there is the exercise itself. Books, spotting the best-seller lists, tell joggers just how to do it, list the benefits, and warn of the dangers (never go to a doctor who doesn't run himself, is a typical piece of advice). Cardiovascular fitness is the ostensible reward, and although there have been some spectacular jogging coronaries, it remains the chief physical justification.

But in order to benefit, the jogger cannot just set out to run, as he did of old. He must start with a set of ritual gestures to prepare his muscles, and end with another set. A warm-up ground not too long after daybreak is a sight to wonder at, a Breughelesque scene of multi-colored arms and legs and torsos thrown this way and that; of figures leaning against trees and walls in slow, gasping rhythms; of still others waving their limbs toward the sky in beseeching, if ominous, arabesques. For all the stranger might know, these people could be up to absolutely no good.



Exercise by itself is not enough either, in this world of spiritual emptiness. So the true benefits are alleged to be psychosensual, rather than physical, and here we recognize the fuse-words like "completeness" and "fulfillment" creeping in. "Run down the path of a pine forest, deep into nature," whispers a fitness spinoff publication, embarrassingly called *Self*. "Beneath your feet the cushion of the earth lifts you up; you bounce, you dance, you fly." Women are particular targets for this line, which includes the idea that jogging is a kind of character toughening that will help you with your promotions and your office relationships. And of course a women who jogs is already explicitly conquering a male domain anyway. The men get their assertiveness training by forcing passing automobiles to brake and swerve in the streets or by tangling through the leashes of promenading dogs. Jogging also teaches indifference to ridicule, a healthy moral and social asset, for how otherwise can joggers bear to display themselves to the public which must share the thoroughfares with them?

BUT THERE is yet a higher goal—the Marathon. Last fall, 11,000 runners participated in the New York City Marathon, which passed through all five boroughs and ended up in Central Park. Nearly all the entrants were upper-middle-class college graduates and included one hundred company presidents, among whom was the head of Xerox. This man takes his running clothes with him wherever he travels ("I've seen more runners in Tokyo than in New York") and plods on a treadmill while watching the *Today* show on television. The Marathon is now the goal of every jogger of ambition, and as a spectator sport, judging from the recent Boston Marathon, it's better than the Tour de France.

One jogging-manual author even claims that the original Marathon (the run, not the battle) was the spark that lit the glory that was the Golden Age of Greece. It happened to have cost Pheidippides his life, although his message got through. With his modern imitators the result so far has been all the other way around. □

Mr. King, a frequent contributor, can be picked out of any crowd. He's the one without jogging shoes.

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THE MIAs

The State Department believes Hanoi is doing its best to recover the remains of the 2,546 Americans originally listed as Missing in Action. Others wonder. And the families still wait

Lost or Merely Forgotten?

PAUL A. GIGOT

IT WAS A HOT, clear Indochinese afternoon, May 10, 1972, and Navy Commander Harry Lee Blackburn's F-4 Phantom jet fighter was escorting a bomber strike squadron to Hai Duong, North Vietnam. Blackburn, the pilot, and Lieutenant Steven Rudloff, the backseater, first saw the MiGs approaching after the squadron had passed the target. Blackburn banked at a narrow arc to challenge the MiGs, aiming over the center of Hai Duong. Then the anti-aircraft guns opened up and Blackburn's plane was hit. The F-4, burning, nosed down in a crash spiral. Rudloff ejected first, followed seconds later by Blackburn. According to the F-4 pilot who was following at Blackburn's wing, the chutes landed cleanly some two hundred yards apart in the Red River; he heard the beeper sounds which indicated that Rudloff and Blackburn were alive. The area was heavily populated. "The time delay between each ejection strongly indicates that both men were not seriously injured since each was able to eject himself," says a Navy report sent to Blackburn's wife and three children.

Rudloff was lucky. Captured immediately, held in Vietnam for the next ten months, he was released in 1973 with the other American POWs during Operation Homecoming. At his debriefing Rudloff said that the North Vietnamese had several times assured him that they had also taken Blackburn prisoner. But Blackburn, dead or alive, has never returned to the United States.

"MIAs/POWs: Ask Kissinger Why?" reads the sticker on a tan bookcase in the office of Frank Sieverts, standing only a few feet from the autographed wall portraits of Averell Harriman and Dean Rusk. Sieverts, a handsome man with bushy blond-grey hair, has been the U.S. State Department expert on MIAs (Missing in Action) for nearly 15 years, through four Administrations. He believes the Vietnamese are making adequate efforts to discover and return the remains of American MIAs. "Reasonably, a remarkable amount has been accomplished."

The Five Categories

"Frank Sieverts is a lying bastard with absolutely no credibility—and you can quote me," says Dermot Foley, legal counsel for the National League of Families. Foley is an intense man, bespectacled, balding. He still wears a tarnished copper band engraved with the name of an American MIA. His brother, who has five children, has been missing since early in the war. Foley believes that the North Vietnamese have been withholding information, and that our State Department has in effect abandoned the MIAs and their families. "They've been trying to get rid of us, as they do after every war," he says.

Frank Sieverts and Dermot Foley are men whose views have hardened into absolutes. As Sieverts says, "I'm depicted as the Antichrist." It is difficult to sort truth from passion. There are few obvious villains. But the evidence and the views of disinterested observers document a pitiful record of non-cooperation by the North Vietnamese. And they raise questions about the U.S. commitment to obtaining an adequate MIA accounting.

The most revealing data are contained in a Department of Defense (DOD) report informally named the "Hawaii Briefing." It was presented to President Carter's Woodcock Commission on MIAs (named for its chairman, Leonard Woodcock, now ambassador to China) in February 1977 and was treated as classified material. Its public disclosure was forced by a Freedom of Information Act request by the National League of Families. The briefing divided the 2,546 MIAs into five categories, based on the degree of knowledge which U.S. intelligence indicated the North Vietnamese had about each MIA. For example, Harry Lee Blackburn is a Category One. That is, the DOD has "confirmed knowledge" that the Vietnamese knew about Blackburn. In some cases Category Ones were identified by name by Radio Hanoi or exploited for propaganda. Other Category One proof includes reports from POWs or from "highly reliable intelligence sources." Navy Lieutenant Ron Dodge is another Category One. He was the only pilot shot down on May 17, 1967 in Nghe An province, North Vietnam. Three days later Radio Hanoi acknowledged the time and place of Dodge's capture. A photograph of Dodge, with his head bandaged, surrounded by NV guards, was published in *Paris Match* in 1967, and in *Pravda*. He was also featured in the propaganda film *Pilots in Pajamas*.

Air Force Captain John Swanson is a Category Two MIA, the category of "suspect knowledge." When his jet was hit off the coast of Nghe An province, Swanson parachuted into the ocean

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among some small boats. His wingman observed Swanson's chute and heard his beeper signals. DOD intelligence later confirmed that a pilot had been captured that day by local fishermen.

The remaining three categories are of "doubtful knowledge," "unknown knowledge," and "unrelated to degree of enemy knowledge." The Hawaii Briefing admitted that "it is doubtful that the enemy would have knowledge of the[se] specific individuals."

'A Lot of Hooey'?

Of the 2,546 MIAs in February 1977, the Briefing listed 179 in Category One, 1,160 in Category Two, 344 in Category Three, 428 in Category Four, and 436 in Category Five. The Briefing acknowledged that the "categorizing is, at best, an inexact science," so some of the placements may be mistaken. (DOD judgments were 91 per cent correct about repatriated POWs.) The Briefing also recognized, as even Foley and the families have, that a *total* accounting will never be possible. But the report concluded: "We know [the NV] have information about some of our missing people but, for reasons of their own, have withheld it from us.... it would be reasonable to expect an accounting for those men in Categories One and Two—a total of 1,339 men." And yet since March 1973 the Vietnamese have returned the remains of only 69 men: 33 in Category One, 31 in Category Two, one in Category Three, two in Category Four, and two in Category Five.

According to Frank Sieverts, the Hawaii Briefing was a hasty assessment compiled by overzealous DOD officials. Sieverts explains with fetching similes. The MIA issue is "like looking out of the wrong end of a telescope," "like a flickering TV screen," "like viewing a candle in a window." The images flash alert for a second, disappear, then reappear. So much time has passed: memories have proven fallible. Jets were often downed under traumatic circumstances. The heavy jungle and difficult terrain hamper the search for remains. Sieverts believes the Vietnamese do not even know about, say, Ron Dodge.

Sieverts is supported by Representative G. V. "Sonny" Montgomery (D., Miss.). He chaired the House Select Committee on MIAs, was a member of the Woodcock Commission, and as recently as last August led an eight-member U.S. congressional delegation to Hanoi to discuss Southeast Asian diplomacy. Montgomery has steadfastly argued (as the House Select Committee also concluded) that there are no living MIAs being held by the Vietnamese. "That [briefing] was a lot of hooey," Montgomery says in a deep Mississippi drawl. He says the Vietnamese have information about "no more than 14 or 15 men." It was foolish of his 1976 committee to suggest that the remains of 150 men could be returned, although a minority report by Representatives Tennyson Guyer (R., Ohio) and Benjamin Gilman (R., N.Y.) decried even that number as too low. Montgomery does admit that his predictions could be self-fulfilling: the Vietnamese can cite him, an American congressman who applauds their diligence. But then he re-emphasizes the ravages of time, the frailty of human memory, and the remoteness of jet crash sites.

These arguments are initially compelling because, unlike those of the families, they are sophisticated and unemotional. But they also serve to support a U.S. State Department policy which may be seeking better relations with the North Vietnamese. Logic dictates that the State Department cannot accuse the Vietnamese of not providing an adequate MIA accounting while it also argues for normalization or for providing economic aid. Moral paradoxes, as with detente, only confuse.

There *are* prudent geopolitical reasons for improving relations with Vietnam. According to Representative W. Henson Moore (R., La.), "the benefits for us could be a reduction of present tension in that part of the world, prevention of excessive Soviet influence, and creation of an opportunity to influence Vietnam's future actions." Moore might have included opportunities for American business. Oil deposits off the Vietnam coast are thought to be substantial. And, according to reports in the *Wall Street Journal*, American businessmen have been pressing for improved ties in order to take advantage of the very favorable investment incentives offered by Vietnam. But regardless of the motivations, a decision to improve relations forces a shift in priorities: an MIA accounting becomes less important than geopolitics.

Oddly, Frank Sieverts argues that postwar American negotiations with Vietnam represent "a signal accomplishment of U.S. diplomacy." At one time the Vietnamese linked their progress on MIAs to fulfillment of our reconstruction aid "obligations" under the 1973 Paris Peace Agreement. The State Department's great triumph, says Sieverts, was to convince the Vietnamese to separate the issues, to consider an MIA accounting as a humanitarian problem.

That, obviously, is a generous assessment of Vietnamese motives. A different analysis might point to their festering economic and political problems. They invaded Cambodia; China invaded them. Small but tenacious resistance movements continue to fight in the South and in Laos. Their economy, as French visitors have reported, is undergoing the typical collectivist malfunctions. In short, they need our capital and industrial technology, and so they have dropped bellicose demands for reconstruction aid; they now *request* aid. And we have the leverage. To grant the Vietnamese business credits and diplomatic credibility without demanding *quid pro quo* progress on MIAs is to squander the last American trump card. The Vietnamese will merely repeat their denials.

Frank Sieverts and Sonny Montgomery are contradicted by several DOD officials, and by former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Roger Shields. Now an economist with Chemical Bank in New York, Shields was from 1971 to 1976 the DOD's counterpart to Sieverts at State, the organizer

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of Operation Homecoming for the POWs, an expert on MIAs. Shields says that "there are at least one thousand men who could still be accounted for." The evidence, he says, is pregnant in the Hawaii Briefing, in the pathetic trickle of information from Vietnam, and in incidents which suggest Vietnamese deceit and American naïveté.

Lost in Downtown Hanoi

For example, in December 1975 the Montgomery Committee visited Hanoi to discuss MIAs. At that time the DOD had reliable intelligence that a retired American CIA official, Tucker Gougglemann, was in prison in Vietnam. The Vietnamese denied holding Gougglemann. Yet one year later, when the Woodcock Commission visited Hanoi, the Vietnamese turned over his *remains*. They said he had died in captivity in June 1975, six months before the Montgomery Committee visit. Sieverts acknowledges the Gougglemann incident, but considers it only one, relatively insignificant, example.

Shields cites another. When the American POWs were finally released in 1973, 23 sets of remains were returned. Yet U.S. intelligence knew at the time of a 24th man, a B-52 pilot, who had also died in captivity. "We had seen the grave of the 24th man in Van Diem cemetery [in Hanoi]," says Shields, who personally confronted a Vietnamese official in Van Diem when he was there in 1977 with the Woodcock Commission. "I flustered the fella. . . . He said he knew nothing about it, but that he'd check on it." Sonny Montgomery asked the same question; he received the same answer. "It is not clear to me to this day that that man has been returned," Shields says.

The Woodcock Commission was formally known as the Presidential Commission on Americans Missing and Unaccounted For in Southeast Asia. Its public mandate was to negotiate progress on the repatriation of MIAs. With that in mind, it listened to the DOD Hawaii Briefing and brought to Hanoi many DOD folders containing specific information about the missing, most of them Category Ones. Yet, says Shields, the Commission virtually ignored the implications of the Hawaii Briefing and never presented the folders to the Vietnamese. Shields's protests were rebuffed, and in frustration he left the folders in an unlocked conference room where he presumed the Vietnamese would rummage through them. Upon his return to the U.S., Shields sent a critical letter to Defense Secretary Harold Brown, stating in effect: "The Vietnamese sold us a bill of goods. I did not believe what I was told."

To the then-newly-elected Carter Administration, the lack of progress on MIAs was a lingering impediment to any new policies toward Southeast Asia. According to Shields and a March 11, 1977 report in the *Wall Street Journal*, the Woodcock Commission's visit may have been primarily intended to bury the MIA issue by assuring the American people that the Vietnamese were doing all they could to discover remains.

Frank Sieverts claims that the folders were not turned over because there was never an appropriate diplomatic opportunity; and he denies charges of any reduced concern within the Carter Administration for MIAs. Instead, a "mechanism" was created and utilized to funnel U.S. information to Vietnam. Since the Woodcock visit in early 1977, that undefined "mechanism" has yielded about 35 more bodies.

But Shields and his former DOD colleagues are adamant, especially about pilots and crewmen shot down in raids over the North. "These are not people lost in triple-canopy jungle," says one official. "Some of these people were lost in downtown Hanoi." Another official summed up his frustration: "I don't think anyone could look at the record, have heard the DOD Hawaii Briefing, and then conclude that the North Vietnamese have been doing all they can. . . . You would have to be an idiot."

As another defense of Vietnamese efforts, Sieverts points to the relatively low percentage of American casualties in Vietnam whose bodies or remains were not recovered. Of the more than 57,000 Americans killed or lost throughout Indochina, only 4 per cent were MIA. In the Korean War and in World War II, 22 per cent of all casualties were MIA. Part of the reason for the lower Indochina figure is the nature of the war. There were no front lines. Men lost one day could be recovered the next because of the shifting and desultory patterns of conflict. U.S. search and rescue operations were the most highly developed in history.

But, say DOD officials, it is deceptive to use these figures to reduce the extent of the MIA problem. In fact, if one divides the casualty figures according to where in Indochina they occurred—North or South Vietnam, Laos, or Cambodia—and then compares them with the MIA figures for those areas, the percentage comparison actually reinforces belief in Vietnam's lack of cooperation. For example, over 55,000 of the more than 57,000 casualties in Indochina occurred in South Vietnam, but only 1,132 of the 2,546 missing (as of 1976) were lost in the South. The percentage of casualties who were missing for all of South Vietnam, then, is around 2 per cent. But for North Vietnam the figures are astounding: 878 casualties, hostile and non-hostile; but 769 of the missing 2,546 were lost in the North. Thus, of total casualties in the North about 87 per cent were missing; that figure is almost 70 percentage points *higher* than for World War II. (In Laos, largely controlled by the North, and Cambodia, the figures are 89 and 16 per cent.) Put in reverse, only 13 per cent of American casualties in the North—most of them pilots—have been accounted for.

Bodies for Business

Doubts about the North's credibility are also underscored by the breadth and sophistication of the Vietnamese record-keeping system. Shields and Sieverts agree that peasants who turned in information or personal effects were rewarded. The collection system was centralized. The North valued news of American deaths or prisoners, both for the psychological boost to its own troops and for the world propaganda potential; its own Ministry of Defense maintained an Enemy Proselytizing Department. As Lieutenant General Vernon Walters, then Deputy Director of the CIA, told the Montgomery Commitee: "Based on . . . the known Communist proclivity for detailed reporting, it is believed [that Vietnam] holds significant amounts of accurate information on former and current American MIA/KIA in Southeast Asia."

Why don't the Vietnamese cooperate, especially since progress on MIAs might induce the State Department to lobby

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for normalization? There is, first, enmity inspired by the long war; old hates die hard. Vietnam may also be too embarrassed about the circumstances surrounding some of the more celebrated missing. Ron Dodge, Harry Lee Blackburn, and others may have been tortured and killed. Yet the Vietnamese *have* returned some remains: three during the Montgomery Committee visit; 11 more for the Woodcock Commission; 22 more in June 1977 to coincide with a round of State Department talks on normalization; 15 more for the 1978 congressional delegation; individuals and groups here and there. Each release seems to have been timed to deliver maximum media exposure and to curry the favor of those congressmen or diplomats negotiating with Hanoi.

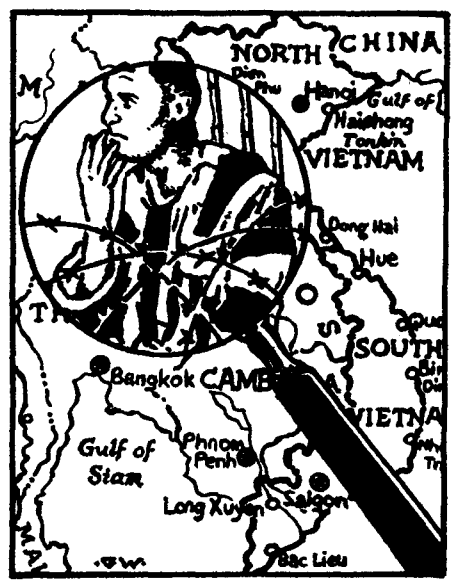
The French experience is instructive. France abandoned its colony of Vietnam with the Geneva Agreement of 1954, whose terms included guarantees of the return of all foreign nationals, dead or alive. (The 1973 Paris Peace Agreement guaranteed the same for North and South Vietnam and the U.S.) Yet, according to Anita Lauvé, a U.S. foreign service officer in Vietnam from 1954 to 1956 and a Rand Corporation consultant through the Sixties, "the question of the recovery of French remains is far from resolved." Miss Lauvé told the Montgomery Committee about twenty years of North Vietnamese promises and deceit: the sporadic return of remains; the refusal to allow an international agency to mediate; and adamant, escalating requests for money in payment for bodies. "For the North Vietnamese, the French graves are like a reservoir from which they release a little at a time," said Miss Lauvé. Dermot Foley says that the U.S. experience has been horrifyingly similar. The difference is that instead of cash the Vietnamese prefer normalization and business investment as our payment.

The sum of this evidence—the French experience, the extensive Vietnamese record-keeping, the Hawaii Briefing, the testimony of defense experts and POWs, the photographs and movies of American men—has plunged the families of the missing into angry despair. Their frustration has erupted into charges of conspiracy against the State Department, and has sustained improbable hopes that sons and husbands may still be alive.

Dermot Foley believes that Americans are still being held as POWs in Vietnam. He relies for evidence on the reports of Vietnamese refugees, in particular on the testimony of Ngo Phi Hung. Speaking before the House International Relations subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs on August 9, 1978, Hung said he saw 46 living Americans as late as April 1977 in prison in Quangngai, four hundred miles north of Saigon. Hung has since been debriefed by DOD intelligence, however, and an 86-page DOD assessment of his testimony points out many inconsistencies.

Like other refugees who have reported seeing Americans, Hung responded to an advertisement in *Trang Den*, a newspaper run for refugees by Vietnamese activist Le Thi Anh. To a penniless Vietnamese living in a Thai refugee camp, the merest hint of American interest is coveted; it can mean better food, a flight to the States, new freedom. Many refugees have told stories of living Americans to encourage U.S. attention; but not one has been substantiated. Shields, Sieverts, and DOD officials agree that the risks of discovery are too great and potentially too damaging in the eyes of world opinion for the Vietnamese secretly to hold some POWs.

There also may be some Americans who have *chosen* to remain in the North. For example, Robert Garwood has recently returned, and now faces court-martial charges of collaborating with the enemy and desertion. But few dispassionate observers retain any hopes



that there are still living American prisoners in the North.

Conspiracy theories and wild hopes, however, are the perverse yield of years of Vietnamese deceit and of failed State Department assurances. In six years, fewer than eighty bodies have been returned; and there is all that other evidence and testimony. Frank Sieverts blames a "neutral villain"—the DOD policy from the beginning of the war "which actively encouraged the families to keep their hopes up because the North Vietnamese had not provided complete lists of prisoners. . . . From that moment on," adds Sieverts, "the psychological acceptance of death was short-circuited. . . . I didn't say these stories had happy endings."

For the families of the missing, the endings indeed have not been happy. Most of the missing have by now been listed as KIA, according to the usual DOD review of the status of casualties. The men are still unaccounted for, but the years of waiting and the lack of new evidence (plus a recommendation by a majority of the Montgomery Committee) prompted the DOD to consider them killed. A federal court upheld the continuation of status reviews against a suit by the National League of Families. But the issue of an accounting remains. Most families will settle even for some confirmation of what they already suspect: that their son or husband was killed. "Funerals and burials are important for Americans," says Roger Shields, recognizing the relief of being *assured* of the fate—even if it is death —of a loved one. "I never thought we'd have this satisfaction," said Ginger Daul at the funeral for her first husband, Thomas C. Kolstad, 11 years after he was shot down over Hanoi.

Others await the same satisfaction, especially those whose sons are Category Ones and Twos. Some have turned bitter. "If we could spend $39 million a day on the Vietnam War and pay for the love-life of congressmen, then we should be able to find out about MIAs," one woman screamed at Sonny Montgomery at a National League of Families meeting. Dermot Foley says that most MIA families will send their sons to Canada the next time. Says Mrs. Frank F. Roark, lucky because her son's remains have been returned: "A person almost has to lose a son to understand." □

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The Wrong Stuff

M. STANTON EVANS

As noted in previous installments of this column, government programs that give rise to problems instead of curing them are legion. Few, however, are so manifestly counterproductive as the Davis-Bacon Act of 1931.

This is a piece of labor legislation adopted in the trough of the Depression for the purpose of deciding wage rates on federal construction projects—a notion since extended to building indirectly supported by the Federal Government, and also by the states. The Act requires the Secretary of Labor to determine that workers on such projects are paid the "prevailing" wage provided to "corresponding classes of laborers and mechanics employed on projects of a character similar to the contract work in the city, town, village, or other civil subdivision of the state in which the work is to be performed."

Like most other labor legislation, this law has the asserted purpose of ensuring payment of "fair" wages—on its face, a perfectly acceptable idea. In practice, however, Davis-Bacon has been a chronic source of economic trouble, and hence a perennial candidate for reform or repeal. Among its other discernible effects, it is arguably to blame for increased government spending and taxes, non-competitive award of contracts, discrimination against non-union labor, injury to small construction firms, and aggravated unemployment.

Jacking Up Prices

Because it attempts to regulate matters better decided in the competitive market, Davis-Bacon is flawed in concept. But it is even more erroneous in application. In season and out, the Department of Labor is notoriously susceptible to the suasions of the union bosses. In the case of Davis-Bacon, this means provisions of the statute are construed almost entirely to the satisfaction of organized labor. The net effect has been to deploy the power of government in support of the highest possible union wage rates, which in turn jack up the price that government itself (which means the taxpayer) has to pay.

These points are driven home in a recent report of the General Accounting Office that cites numerous instances in which "prevailing" wages as determined by the Federal Government were vastly higher than the general wages of the area—directly contrary to the stated intention of the law. In one construction project cited by the GAO, the wages paid federally employed construction workers in Tennessee were $8.75 an hour, compared to $4.25 for comparable labor in the local area. For plumbers, the corresponding figures were $8.95 and $4.50 an hour.

Overall, GAO evaluated 73 cases in which the Department of Labor had inaccurately determined "prevailing" wages, almost always in the direction of union-dictated wage rates. Comptroller General Elmer Staats concluded that Davis-Bacon resulted in "significant increased costs to the Federal Government," and deplored "the large impact excessive wage determinations have on inflating construction costs and disturbing local wage scales."

Among the devices used by the Department of Labor to arrive at such determinations are such things as the "30 per cent rule," which permits wages paid this proportion of workers in a given area to be defined as "prevailing" and stretches the area covered for comparison beyond all recognition to connect up with heavily unionized locations. Thus the Labor Department managed to define the "prevailing" wage for a Vermont construction project as $9.25 an hour (compared to $4 in the vicinity), by linking the project to union wages in Albany, N.Y., 125 miles away.

All of which has prompted Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) and Representative Thomas Hagedorn (R., Minn.) to press for repeal of Davis-Bacon. Their legislation (S-29, HR-1900)—which has attracted eight co-sponsors in the Senate and more than eighty in the House—is simplicity itself, declaring the law of 1931, and some 77 other legal provisos related to it, null and void. And while it is doubtful at this point whether sufficient sentiment exists for outright repeal, support for the proposal could help to muscle through substantial revisions in connected areas. As Hagedorn puts it, "The idea is to nickel and dime Davis-Bacon to death."

Preliminary skirmishes on such points have been inconclusive. In early June, repeal proponents won one and lost another. The Senate Armed Services Committee, at the urging of Senator John Tower (R., Tex.), adopted an amendment which would eliminate Davis-Bacon provisions from military construction projects. On the other hand, the House of Representatives voted down a motion to do the same in poverty-level neighborhoods and on Indian reservations.

Bad for Blacks

As even union spokesmen will concede, the GAO report on Davis-Bacon has given impetus to the repeal campaign in this era of public cost-consciousness. The report estimates provisions of the law may cost taxpayers an extra $715 million a year, and it is likely that spillover effects have pushed the total beyond this. Opponents further allege the law is inflationary in a cost-push sense, by mandating higher wages in the government sector and in private construction jobs that take their cues accordingly. From a monetarist standpoint, such assertions are questionable, but in the ultimate sense there seems very little doubt that Davis-Bacon is inflationary. By adding three-quarters of a billion or so in unnecessary government costs, it helps to aggravate the deficit, the "monetization" of which is the principal engine of inflation.

Another side-effect of Davis-Bacon (and, according to Professor Walter Williams of Temple University, an intended one) is that the law discriminates against minorities and women, since it makes the hiring of marginal workers on affected projects thoroughly uneconomic. It also has the perverse result of negating the stated object of encouraging local hiring, since the high-cost union labor mandated by the Labor Department often has to be imported from afar. All in all, a persuasive bundle of reasons for repeal. □

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Consolation Prize

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE MORNING NEWS not too long ago informed Austrians that Simone de Beauvoir had been awarded the $11,000 Austrian State Prize for Literature. The announcement did not send shock waves rolling through the land; her name means nothing to the majority of Austrians.

So the commentator provided an introduction, in the form of a lengthy encomium. He explained that Mme. de Beauvoir is the "companion" of Jean-Paul Sartre, the Marxist-Existentialist; that she had courageously broken with her bourgeois heritage; that she was among the first women to boast publicly of having had an abortion; that she was a fervent opponent of U.S. intervention in Vietnam; that her books have sold millions of copies and have been translated into many languages; that she has publicly proclaimed that she does not believe in marriage; and that she is generally "prominent." It was the most moving testimonial since Leonid Brezhnev was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize. Men wept. Women sang hallelujah.

But I should not be petty. Simone de Beauvoir is a notable writer and, on occasion, a perspicacious observer. She has written cleverly about America and American women. She was a pioneering feminist. But her complete life record, looked at fairly, inspires in this Austrian more embarrassment than admiration. The Austrian government is socialist, and so is Mme. de Beauvoir, and I suppose to some extent that explains the award. There is really no other explanation.

Even to the extent that breaking with "bourgeois" values is laudable, it is not true of Mme. de Beauvoir. She was the daughter of a marquis, an aristocrat. Her works have sold millions of copies, yes; but so did *Mein Kampf* and the *Communist Manifesto*. "Prominence" is not the same thing as eminence. And I doubt that even Planned Parenthood considers bragging about one's abortion to be a virtue. As for Vietnam, anti-American protest can only be considered praiseworthy in a moral vacuum: Mme. de Beauvoir has had nothing compassionate to say about the boat people. Even her feminism is flawed, since she neglects, out of ideological obstinacy, the biological distinctions between men and women.

History, to borrow Whittaker Chambers' phrase, really did hit Mme. de Beauvoir with a freight train. Her memoirs in three volumes—infused with a cold, pagan spirit—suggest an emotional malaise. She wears her old age like a ball and chain, the last insult of a life "doomed to freedom." She is neither wife nor mother. The writer Nelson Algren, Mme. de Beauvoir's former lover, has spoken harshly of her. No wonder she is depressed.

BUT HER greatest disillusionment has no doubt been inspired by her life-long allegiance to Marxism. The twentieth century has been especially cruel to Marxists. Sartre and de Beauvoir were the most stalwart of believers in the Communist dream—through the purge trials, through the Hitler-Stalin pact, through the occupations of Eastern Europe. Only after the Hungarian Revolution, with the long shadow of Soviet tanks rolling through Budapest, did they break off their affair with the Kremlin. Their affections shifted to China and Maoism. But Mao has proven to offer no earthly salvation either.

In one sense, their slavish devotion to Moscow was inexplicable. The horrors of Stalinist Russia (which continue in a more sophisticated form, e.g., in the *psikhushkas*, or insane asylums) were widely known. Books and articles reported the purges at the time. Former believers were leaving the Party, disillusioned. Probably Sartre and de Beauvoir did not *want* to see the truth. Their quasi-religious dream of a terrestrial paradise would have been shattered. They could not face life without an *ideological* alternative.

The case of Sartre and de Beauvoir is all the more interesting, and puzzling, because the philosophy of Sartre is theoretically incompatible with Marxism. Sartre inherited his Existentialism from Kierkegaard, the Danish Christian, and Gabriel Marcel, the conservative Christian philosopher, and gave it a pagan twist. But his assertion that man lives in an absurd world, doomed to freedom, is not Marxist-Leninist. Perhaps Sartre and his companion needed some earthly ideal, since they had jettisoned any concept of God.

The slow awakening of Sartre and de Beauvoir in the Fifties contrasts with the great resonance achieved by Solzhenitsyn in the Sixties and Seventies. Why did Solzhenitsyn have the power to convince intellectuals such as the *Nouveaux Philosophes*? Part of the explanation probably lies in the special genius and fortitude of Solzhenitsyn. Then too, by the Sixties, he had allies, and even Khrushchev had condemned Stalin's purges. But the deciding factor may be what the ancient Greeks called *Kairos*, a moment of destiny.

Throughout history prophets have been scorned in one generation, only to have their message revived years later to achieve enormous influence. Friedrich Ludwig Jahn was a morbid German nationalist of the mid-nineteenth century whose ideas never really caught on; the conservative Prussian government even imprisoned him at one point. Yet Hitler, eighty years later, espousing many of the same ideas, had the *Kairos* on his side. We can be grateful that in these times Solzhenitsyn's powerful voice has had such a resounding echo. Sartre and de Beauvoir remind us that in an earlier day other voices were ignored.

Sartre himself may have profited from the *Kairos*. He was influential with the French student revolt, although he never created a school of his own, or inspired a permanent following. The other Existentialists (Camus, Merleau-Ponty, and Marcel) bitterly disagreed with him. His periodical, *Les Temps Modernes*, has lapsed into mediocrity. His Marxism is a shambles. His time has come—and gone. Perhaps the Austrian prize awarded to his companion—in a Paris ceremony attended by Sartre, now feeble and nearly blind—amounts to an unintended consolation prize for him. □

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BY ED CULLIN

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This information is exclusive.

If you're interested in dropping-out of Social ecurity, this book will explain the ways to do it. /hat to say. And the rules you must follow.

For others, you will learn how to take advantage f every single loophole contained in Part III of the U.S. Tax Code. And there are some whoppers.

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You will learn about 3 loopholes that allow you to reduce all your taxes "at least" 48.7% yearly. This means to a salaried worker earning $18,000 annually extra spending cash of $17.36 daily - $130.12 weekley - $520.51 monthly - or $6,246.27 yearly.

That's enough extra money for a brand new car. Or a 2nd home on the beach. Or money enough for medical bills. Or a college education. Whatever yc u need.

Some creative individuals take advantage of these loopholes to completely avoid all their taxes entirely. That includes federal income taxes - local property taxes - social secruity taxes - sales and capital gains taxes - estate and inheritance taxes - and just about every other tax ever invented.

Here's a few comments from some of my readers.

Burt Rold, a salaried employee from Arvada, Colorado wrote me a letter and called this book his ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO INFLATION.

Elizabeth Carr, a self-employed individual from Whittier, California wrote and referred to this book as her TAX-FREE BIBLE.

Joe Bessig, a tax consultant from New York City wrote to suggest I call it **THE** ENCYCLOPEDIA of "LITTLE-KNOWN" TAX LOOPHOLES.

Strong claims, but true none the less. These letters are on file in my office.

The loopholes explained are solidly legal and ethical. And are in strict compliance with IRS guidelines. The millionaires and other "insider's" have been successfully using them for years. Gereration after generation.

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The Problem of Punishment

For Capital Punishment
By Walter Berns
Basic Books, 214 pp., $10.95

FRANCIS CANAVAN

My cousin the cop told me some years ago of an armed robber who was shot and wounded while fleeing from the scene of his crime. Later, lying in a hospital bed, he said to the policeman guarding him: "You know that cop who shot me—he's crazy, man, craaazy! You don't shoot people anymore. You used to do that, but now you don't *shoot* people. That cop's crazy!" Having gone on in this vein for some time, he then said: "You know, I've done a lot of things and I've got away with a lot of things, but I don't think I'll try that anymore. I might meet that crazy cop again and he might just blow me right out of here."

I have always found that story instructive, all the more so since reading this book by Walter Berns. The book offers a calm and reasoned case for inflicting the death penalty for certain crimes. But it is an argument not so much for *capital* punishment as for capital *punishment*. Punishment is a more basic issue than the particular form it takes. As Berns says in his Introduction, when he was first getting into the subject he "learned soon enough that it was impossible to discuss capital punishment without discussing punishment in general; our penal system, so inadequate and increasingly seen to be so, is in large part the result of our attempt to avoid punishing criminals and, above all, to avoid executing them."

According to Berns, the real object of the "abolitionists" is to get rid, not merely of the death penalty, but of the idea of punishment. In the words of a writer whom he quotes, "Present-day penology . . . puts its emphasis not on retribution nor even on deterrence, but on rehabilitation. It combats crime by such reformative and essentially non-punitive means as probation and psychiatric help in and out of prisons." The most advanced abolitionists go so far as to hold "that society is unjust and, because it is unjust, has no right to punish or [even] to treat criminals."

Rehabilitation as the goal of penology, however, was first advocated in the late eighteenth century by men who had no doubt about society's right to punish criminals in order to reform them. Reform, on the other hand, was the *only* allowable purpose, and death obviously does not reform anyone. Hence we should substitute imprisonment in institutions intended to induce repentance and consequently called penitentiaries. Hence also our habit, even yet, of calling the penal system the "correctional" system.

But this terminology is a mere carryover from an experiment in reform that failed more than a century ago. Prisons today are custodial operations where the state keeps criminals off the street while they corrupt one another behind bars.

So nowadays we hear the argument that, since prisons do not rehabilitate, they should be replaced so far as possible by probationary programs.

Another early-modern penal theory saw the purpose as deterrence. The political theory of Thomas Hobbes in the seventeenth century and the legal theory of Cesare Beccaria in the eighteenth rested on a conception of man as motivated solely by self-interest. Men so motivated could hardly be expected to be restrained by moral considerations from attacking one another's life, liberty, and property while they remained in a "state of nature" without civil government and law. But a government established by consent and enforcing rational laws could enlighten self-interest sufficiently to persuade the mass of men that crime does not pay because it will be punished. Those not deterred by the threat would be persuaded by the actual infliction of the punishment. The link between law and morality could therefore be dispensed with.

Deterrence thus became the sole and adequate justification for the punishment of crime. Since it is the only justification, punishment must never be more severe than is necessary to deter. This premise explains the preoccupation of certain social scientists today with proving that the death penalty does not in fact deter.

Both rehabilitation and deterrence

Aram Bakshian Jr. *is a communications manager for Union Carbide. . . .* **Francis Canavan, SJ,** *is a professor of political science at Fordham University. . . .* **David Evanier** *is a novelist and critic. . . .* **James Jackson Kilpatrick** *is a syndicated columnist and the author of many books. . . .* **C. Dickerman Williams** *is an attorney with the New York firm of Baker, Nelson, and Williams.*

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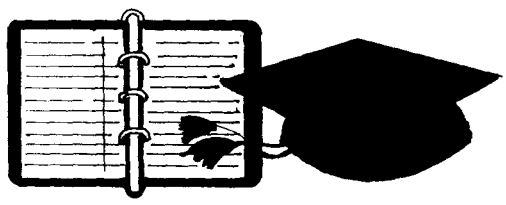

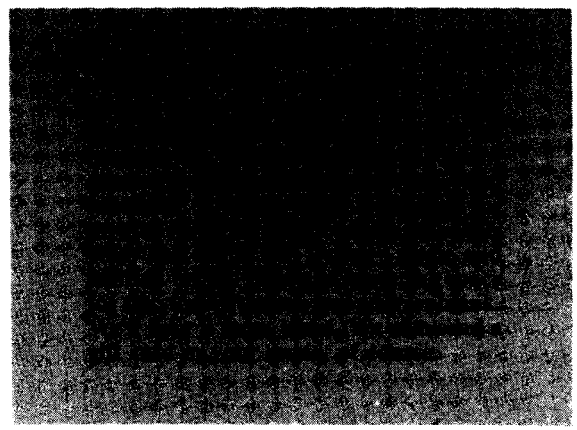

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shift the focus of attention from the crime to the criminal: he is to be either reformed, or prevented by fear from committing crimes in the first place. But he is not to be punished. To inflict a penalty on him because the intrinsic character of his crime *merits* punishment reveals a barbaric desire for revenge unworthy of this enlightened age. Yet, as Berns says, "a focus on deterrence instead of on the crime may have the paradoxical consequence of undermining deterrence, or of limiting its effectiveness . . . because the population will lose sight of the immorality of crime."

More significantly, the legal profession will lose sight of it and become reluctant to punish. In Berns's opinion this has happened. After an analysis of crime statistics, he concludes: "Crime in general is not now being deterred because, compared to the amount of crime, almost no one is being punished . . . partly because our judges do not believe in punishment." Thanks especially to the Warren Court, "it became not only respectable but an index of a person's humanity to hold the opinion that criminals are, as a rule, deserving of mercy, not punishment, and that on any disputed point they, and not the agents of the law, deserve the benefit of the doubt."

But we must come to believe again that punishment, regularly and predictably inflicted, will in fact deter, and, moreover, that crime deserves to be punished. Retribution is not a barbaric reason for punishing, it is the right reason. For only so can the community affirm the moral order on which it is based and can citizens be satisfied that justice is being done. By punishing criminals retributively, the law performs the educative function of blaming their deeds and of praising those who do not commit such deeds. Take that away, and you erode society's faith in itself as a moral community where men are trusted to obey the laws and, if they disobey, are punished as moral agents responsible for their own actions.

"Reinforcing the moral order is especially important in a self-governing community, a community that gives laws to itself," says Berns. Capital punishment, he argues, "serves to remind us of the majesty of the moral order that is embodied in our law and of the terrible consequences of its breach." The most terrible crimes justify and indeed require the most awful penalty. Berns, however, is not bloodthirsty. He believes that "only a relatively few executions are required to enhance the dignity of the criminal law" and would "allow the death penalty only for the most awful crimes: treason, some murders, and some particularly vile rapes." This is compatible with his thesis, because "retribution, unlike deterrence, precisely because it derives from moral sensibilities, recognizes the justice of mercy, the injustice of punishing the irresponsible, and limits to the severity of punishment."

I pass over Berns's very careful treatment of several subordinate questions and will mention instead a couple that he does not deal with. One is whether we can justify capital punishment without also justifying abortion. The argument that the two stand or fall together is usually advanced in terms too inane to be taken seriously, since even the American Civil Liberties Union does not pretend that an unborn child is guilty of anything. Life, like other rights, can be forfeited by crime without its following that it is not a right at all.

Another argument, proposed by philosophers whom I do take seriously, is that it is immoral to attack directly and intentionally the basic human goods that furnish the first principles of all moral reasoning, among which life must surely be numbered. On this point I should like to see further argument, addressed not simply to capital punishment, but to the whole theory of punishment, where Berns has rightly located the issue. In the meantime, I remain persuaded that we shall always have with us a certain number of people who need to be convinced that they might just get blown right out of here. □

To Set the Record Straight: The Break-In, the Tapes, the Conspirators, the Pardon
By John J. Sirica
Norton, 349 pp., $15

MEMOIRS OF MAXIMUM JOHN

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Judge Sirica identifies himself as "obscure" prior to Watergate: "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door." How fully, how thoroughly, how gloriously Judge Sirica answered when opportunity in the form of Watergate knocked at *his* door. As Chief Judge of the United States District Court of the District of Columbia in 1972, a post which he had achieved in 1971 by seniority, he had the right to assign a case to a particular judge. He regularly assigned all the Watergate cases to himself until, on reaching the age of seventy in March 1974, he lost the right of assignment. He continued, as was his right, in the cases he had already assigned to himself. His central and activist role in Watergate lifted him from obscurity to a greater and presumably more enduring fame than that of any other American judge who has not risen above the trial-court level. Not only fame, but also fortune: *Parade* reports that for this book Judge Sirica received an advance of $500,000 from his publisher.

Though it is mostly about Watergate, the book has a prologue describing Sirica's life from the time of his birth (in 1904) until he became a judge in 1957 by appointment of President Eisenhower. His origins were humble. He worked hard, both in the law and in Republican Party politics. He had a knack for trying cases and became a partner in the respected Washington firm of Hogan and Hartson. He was a boxer in his spare time and thus met Jack Dempsey, who became, and remains to this day, his best friend. There is little said about his service as a judge prior to Watergate. Reputedly he was law-enforcement-minded, and indeed he does say that he acquired the nickname of "Maximum John" by reason of his severity in criminal cases.

The book comprehensively describes

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in pedestrian style his own activity in Watergate, with only occasional brief references to other facets of Watergate such as the proceedings of the Senate Investigating Committee and those of the House Judiciary Committee looking toward President Nixon's impeachment. Again according to *Parade*, Sirica paid an undisclosed percentage of his $500,000 advance to *Time* magazine staffer John Stacks "to help with the writing." Nevertheless, the writing is not as lively as that of *Time*.

One can readily imagine with what satisfaction Sirica grasped the offered opportunity when in September 1972 he assigned to himself the first Watergate case, the prosecution of the Watergate "burglars." Here was one time when he could enforce the law without fear of any carping from the *Washington Post* about constitutional rights. Five (Hunt* and the "Cubans") pleaded guilty; Liddy and McCord were found guilty by a jury. During the trial Sirica repeatedly took over the questioning of witnesses; in one instance his examination was prolonged. He stated to a courtroom full of reporters his belief that the full truth was not being told —that others in positions of authority were responsible, and he was determined to find out who. Perhaps his greatest accomplishment was the application of a little-used statute authorizing "provisional" maximum sentences pending a study of the defendant by the Bureau of Prisons. The idea of doing so came to him in the middle of the night. The maximum sentences for these defendants were 35 to forty years. Although the stated purpose of the statute was to provide the sentencing judge with information from the Bureau of Prisons, Judge Sirica had a different objective: "The law gave me a legal way to put off final sentencing until I could see just how well the defendants cooperated in the pending investigation."

The media were delighted. Quite apart from the fact that President Nixon was not popular with the media anyway, Judge Sirica's course was providing marvelous news stories. To be sure, there were critics, including the president and president-elect of the American Bar Association and some civil libertarians. But the criticism was lost in the chorus of praise.

In the latter part of 1973 Judge Sirica met at a private dinner with "top executives" of *Time* (according to *The Powers That Be*, by David Halberstam) and consented to be the recipient of *Time*'s "Man of the Year" award of 1973. To facilitate the writing of *Time*'s story, he permitted a *Time* reporter to associate closely with him for a period of two weeks. The award was made in glowing terms in *Time*'s issue of January 7, 1974. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, in March 1974, he went to a dinner in his honor put on by the media, grateful for the news that he had generated.

The common view is that the country was redeemed by the performance of Judge Sirica. I cannot wholly accept that view. I do admire him not only for the hard work displayed in his rise from poverty to judicial office, but also for the hard work he put in during the Watergate proceedings. However cynically one may view his motivation, the industry displayed at his by then advanced years is impressive. I must, however, fault him for continuing with the Watergate cases after his acceptance of the Man of the Year award and his attendance at the dinner in his honor tendered by the media. It would seem to me that thereafter he had almost a vested interest in the conviction of the cover-up defendants who were not tried until the fall of 1974. There is such a thing as an excessive response to the knock of opportunity.

Judge Sirica's decisions were in all major respects affirmed by the Court of Appeals, a court traditionally liberal. Judge MacKinnon of the appellate court, in his opinion dissenting from affirmance of the conviction of the major cover-up defendants (Mitchell, Haldeman, and others), somewhat sarcastically complained that his colleagues were not applying their usual criteria.

In his review of this book in the

*The reviewer should disclose that he argued on Hunt's behalf an appeal from an order of Judge Sirica denying Hunt's motion for leave to withdraw his plea of guilty.

RANDOM NOTES

■ SEPTEMBER TITLES: Kurt Vonnegut is back, with *Jailbird* (Delacorte, $9.95), a political satire. Protagonist Walter Starbuck is a low-life bungler who happens to meet a shopping-bag lady. The lady, it turns out, is the world's most powerful financier, and Starbuck's college lover. It's wild, and funny, but the reader will search in vain for a vision of the proper order of things. . . . Philip Roth is also back, with *The Ghost Writer* (Farrar, $8.95). It is the short, elegant story of Nathan Zuckerman, a beginning novelist. *The New Yorker* has serialized. . . . In a different style of fiction, M. M. Kaye offers another historical saga. *Shadow of the Moon* (St. Martin's, $12.95) takes place in exotic India. . . . Alistair Horne, the British chronicler of French history, will publish *Napoleon: Master of Europe, 1805-1807* (Morrow, $17.95). Horne writes that the exploits of the little dictator make for "rattling good history." . . . The Rasputins of American history are extolled in *The Shadow Presidents: The Secret History of the Chief Executives and Their Top Aides* (Times Books, $12.50) by Michael Medved. Did you know that Joseph Stanley Brown, a 22-year-old secretary, actually ran the U.S. Government for ten weeks in 1881? Did you know that he is still running it? . . . Eager for another adventure after his train ride through Europe and Asia, Paul Theroux decided to travel down the Americas, from Boston to Argentina. *The Old Patagonian Express: By Train through the Americas* (Houghton Mifflin, $11.95) records the trip, by Theroux' account a tedious, depressing journey. . . . In *The Long Road North* (Doubleday, $7.95), Texas reporter John Davidson reverses Theroux' path to accompany two Mexican brothers on illegal border crossings into the United States. . . . *Countercoup: The Struggle for the Control of Iran* (McGraw-Hill, $12.50), by Kermit Roosevelt, describes how the U.S. restored the Shah to power the first time around, in 1953. Roosevelt, who was chief of Middle East operations for the CIA, describes the unity of American purpose and the appreciation of Winston Churchill. Times were different then.

■ ALL THAT JAZZ: Dizzy Gillespie, the king of bop, writes of his almost fifty years in the business of making America's most original music in *To Be, or Not . . . to Bop: Memoirs* (Doubleday, $14.95). The book is said to be better than the title.

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New York Times, Mr. Walter Goodman concluded that Judge Sirica's "want of judicial fastidiousness served the nation well in this case." This comment raises interesting questions. It is recognized that at present many guilty people escape by reason of the generous view taken by the Supreme Court of defendants' constitutional rights. Should judges, in general, be less fastidious? Or should they put aside fastidiousness only in selected cases? And if so, how select the cases? By observing the media? □

Sleepless Nights
By Elizabeth Hardwick
Random House, 151 pp., $8.95

A LIFE MISPLACED

DAVID EVANIER

Circling around the center of life, focusing on the periphery, Elizabeth Hardwick has meticulously fashioned an impersonal memoir—more a notebook of sorts, actually—that ignites in flashes.

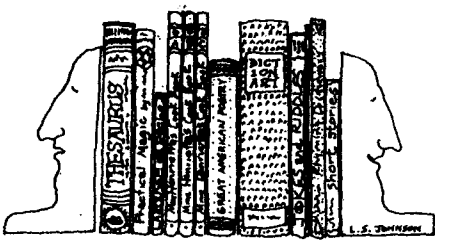
Shifting back and forth in time, *Sleepless Nights* encompasses free associations, memories, reflections, houses past and present, letters, friends seen then and now, Boston, Amsterdam, Maine, her Kentucky childhood, Billie Holiday and 52nd Street in 1943, her mother, a vaudevillians' hotel in the Times Square area, salesmen on a train at night, a left-wing dandy, Kentucky Communists, a Boston dowager and her homosexual friend, and more. A lifetime is here, and it isn't.

The method is summarization, but of a high order. Miss Hardwick's language and imagery can dazzle:

> The bag ladies sit in their rags, hugging their load of rubbish so closely it forms a part of their own bodies. Head, wrapped in an old piece of flannel, peers out from the rubbish of a spotted melon. Pitiful, swollen sores drip red next to the bag of tomatoes. One lady holds an empty perfume bottle with a knuckle on top of it indistinguishable from her finger.

But vividness often gives way to another staple abstract generalization:

> The paradox of the woman who reaches her true spinisterhood only after she is at last married and settled. She takes command and reaches a state of dominating dependency to which only she has the clue. How confident her reign, how skillful the solitary diplomacy, the ordering of the future and control of the present. She gathers in revenues and makes dispensations, carefully, never forgetting she is alone.



The problem may be pinpointed in this self-analysis of what she is writing:

> . . . It certainly hasn't the drama of: I saw the old, white-bearded frigate master on the dock and signed up for the journey. But after all, "I" am a woman.

Well, after all, so were the Brontë sisters. And they never got out of the house at all, while Miss Hardwick has seen the world.

It is not the lack of adventure that is at the center of the book's problem, but perhaps this state is:

> The sunlight blinds me. When I look up I see confusing electricity behind windows. Maybe the shadows will suffice, the light and the shade. . . .

A clear demarcation is made between the "we" of the author's marriage (to Robert Lowell, not mentioned by name) and the "I" of the book. Miss Hardwick has apparently striven to write of matters that have been solely within her purview, and, as a genteel lady leading an upper-class existence, these are perhaps necessarily from the periphery of her life. The most powerful sections of the book deal with poor women: the bag ladies, a poverty-stricken music teacher, cleaning women and their husbands: the servants of this life.

THE portrait of Billie Holiday circles around and around the singer, dwelling on surface details: her dogs, her physical appearance, her clothes, and one scrap of dialogue: " 'Yeah, I remember your town,' she said, without inflection." Miss Hardwick has tried very hard to squeeze something out of a passing acquaintance, but what we are left with seems contrived from clippings and the actual experience of stalking a celebrity from a distance (visiting her apartment in Harlem, seeing Holiday's boyfriend, but of Billie Holiday herself, only the sight of an open door, a sofa, a stocking, and "Smoke and perfume and somewhere a heart pounding"). Curiously, there is no exegesis of Holiday's music —only statements such as, "An inclination bred from punishing experience compelled her to live gregariously and without affections."

On the final page, Miss Hardwick writes in a letter:

> Oh, M., when I think of the people I have buried, North and South. Yet, why is it that we cannot keep the note of irony, the jangle of carelessness at a distance. Sentences in which I have tried for a certain light tone—many of those have to do with events, upheavals, destructions that caused me to weep like a child.

We are not, on the whole, made privy to this depth of feeling and inner struggle. We are given a series of passages, random shots, ranging from what is vivid (with startling and sometimes beautiful writing) to what is cerebral and abstract. I have rarely read summarization that admits so much in the way of light, grace, and passion. But ultimately these qualities are swallowed up by the sleight of hand of generalization. *Sleepless Nights* avoids the pain of its title. □

Milton and the English Revolution
By Christopher Hill
Viking Press, 539 pp., $20

THE POET AS PUBLIC NUISANCE

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

John Milton was a great poet who happened to be a rather peevish person and the holder of a number of crank political and moral notions. To devote over five hundred pages to his role in the English Revolution makes about as much sense as compiling a magisterial work on Jack Benny and the classical violin. Nevertheless, Christopher Hill, Master of Balliol College and a very talented leftist historian, has bent his considerable skill to depicting Milton as a serious champion of radicalism, less of a cad to his women than the factual

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record would indicate, and an amiable soul rather than the intolerant, slightly paranoid ranter and whiner that emerges from his letters and tracts.

Even if Christopher Hill were right—and he isn't—was his effort well spent? I doubt it. Milton's position in literature is now secure despite the premature gloating of critics like F. R. Leavis, who crowed in 1936 that "Milton's dislodgement, in the past decade, after his two centuries of predominance, was effected with remarkably little fuss." His role as a Cromwellian lickspittle, supporting the Lord Protector's more-than-royal powers while justifying regicide, as well as his droning pamphleteering on pet grievances like divorce, belongs to an ugly and not very interesting minor side of a major talent.

SAMUEL JOHNSON put things in their proper perspective when, after paying full homage to Milton the poet ("his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first"), he addressed himself to Milton the man:

> Milton's republicanism was, I am afraid, founded in an envious hatred of greatness, and a sullen desire of independence; in petulance impatient of control, and pride disdainful of superiority. He hated monarchs in the State, and prelates in the Church; for he hated all whom he was required to obey. It is to be suspected that his predominant desire was to destroy rather than establish, and that he felt not so much the love of liberty as repugnance to authority. His family consisted of women; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious education. He thought woman made only for obedience and man only for rebellion.

As Hill concedes, although Milton was "a propagandist of revolution" he also "frequently expressed great contempt for the common people"—and for anyone else, for that matter, who didn't happen to agree with one J. Milton, Esquire. How like his modern equivalents, the utopianists of the Left, who have devised *personal* orthodoxies which they burn to impose on the rest of us. Consumed by their egocentric passion, they lash out at any existing institutional consensus, even though it is usually far less oppressive to the majority of their fellows than their own vision would be if ever applied.

Again, Samuel Johnson came closer to the mark than Christopher Hill when he said of Milton that, "It has been observed that they who most loudly clamor for liberty do not most liberally grant it."

Like most of Milton's own writing, Christopher Hill's clever, learned, and generally readable new book is dubious special pleading but—again like his subject's writing—it is casuistry of exceptional quality. One can enjoy it while disagreeing with the bulk of it, just as one can appreciate the beauty and force of Milton's religious epics without forgetting William Blake's admonition that "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it. John Milton, like so many great artists, was possessed of more than talent. □

In Patagonia
By Bruce Chatwin
Summit Books, 205 pp., $8.95

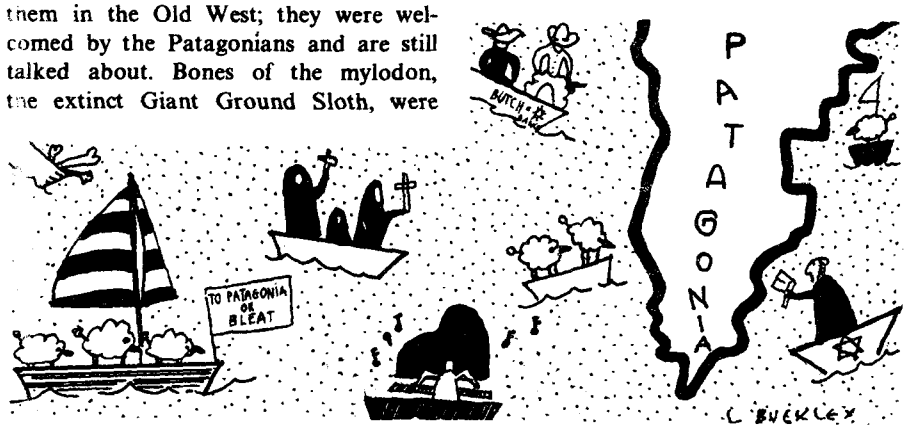
HOMAGE TO PATAGONIA

NIKA HAZELTON

Astonishing people live in Patagonia, the stretch of land at the tip of South America, and extraordinary things have happened there, quite apart from Magellan's and Darwin's voyages. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid took refuge there when things got too hot for them in the Old West; they were welcomed by the Patagonians and are still talked about. Bones of the mylodon, the extinct Giant Ground Sloth, were discovered by a deserter from the Prussian army. A Russian woman with artificial legs subscribes to and reads all the writings of the Russian dissidents. Kosher butchers flown in from Israel prepare meat for that country in Tierra del Fuego, the very tip of the continent, which is also the home of the Ancient Mariner's albatross. Nuns on an outing to a lonely cave filled with fossil debris sing hymns to the Virgin. Six ex-students from Teheran and a black man from Bolivia bring the message of Bahai to a village founded by Welsh sheep-ranchers where no one speaks English any more. A boy of Italian-German descent plays "the last music Chopin is writing" as the wind whistles in the street. The mad widow of a Swede (her husband built her a perfect Swedish cottage) paints *trompe l'oeil* curtains to remind her of her youth in the music halls.

All this is just a taste of the scenes and people Bruce Chatwin, a young Englishman with the looks of a brooding schoolboy, captures with wit, respect, and exactitude, having wandered (on foot, on horseback, and by motor) through the "uttermost part of the earth." This book, his first, belongs with the books of the great travel writers—Freya Stark, Lawrence Durrell, Lord Kinross, Paul Theroux. It is written in a very original style, with no unnecessary words to distract from the sharp focus of the writer's eye.

Contrary to what one might think, Patagonia is inhabited by people from a kaleidoscopic variety of nationalities and backgrounds. But it never had the promise of our Western frontier, so, although some Welshmen and Scotsmen went there to raise sheep, it became a land of exiles. In the 1860s, Western Europeans, Russians, Arabs, North and



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South Americans, and Boers began to settle there as a refuge from their homelands where they no longer felt that they really fit in: they fished, crabbed, canned, earned a living any old way. Anarchists prompted violent strikes, missionaries settled in the most distant parts of the south to raise sheep and minister to the Indians; they compiled a dictionary of the Indian language, and one of them, Lucas Bridges, wrote a fascinating book, *The Uttermost Part of the Earth.*

Nothing escapes Chatwin—everything intrigues him. His description of the still-active sect of the Brujeria is chilling: how they terrorize the population and very scientifically turn children into monsters. How did Chatwin get interested in Patagonia? In his grandmother's dining room, behind glass, there was a piece of skin of a Giant Ground Sloth, a wedding present from her cousin Charlie Milward, a sailor, who ended his life in Patagonia; he could tell tales to match Melville's. Chatwin craved the skin, but it had been lost at some point. Yet Patagonia so held him that he was compelled to go there (happily, he did find a few hairs of a Ground Sloth to keep for his own).

PATAGONIA (divided between Chile and Argentina) still resonates with the voyage of the Elizabethan John Davis, with Hudson's *Idle Days in Patagonia*, with Edgar Allan Poe and Caliban. Its present-day ruler is His Royal Highness Prince Philippe Boiry of Auricania and Patagonia, recognized as head of state by S. Salvador, who resides in Paris. And what does it look like, in the Beagle Channel at the southernmost point? "For the first few miles the forest came down to the shore and you looked down through branches at the dark green water and the purple streamers of kelp rising up and wavering with the tide. Further on, the hills drew back and there were pastures of springy grass, dotted with daisies and mushrooms. All along the tide mark was a crust of sea-white driftwood, and sometimes a ship-timber or a whale vertebra. The rocks were floury white from guano. There were cormorants on them and kelp geese, flashing black and white as they took off. Offshore there were grebes and steamer ducks, and out in the strait, sooty albatrosses wheeling effortlessly, like knives flying." □

FILM

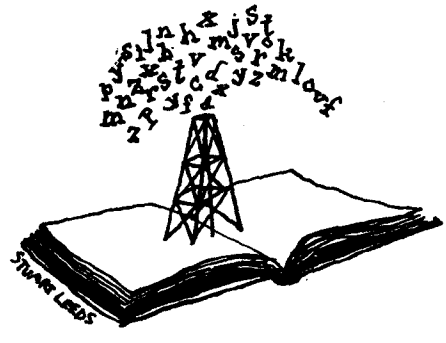
TREMENDOUS TRIVIA

JOHN SIMON

This summer's films are at least as foolish as estival films usually are. *La Cage aux folles* (*Birds of a Feather*) is typical: a young man is introducing his fiancée's proper family to his father and "stepmother," who happen to be, respectively, the homosexual owner of a transvestite nightclub and his lover, the drag star of the establishment. We are treated to equal numbers of anti-homosexual and anti-heterosexual jokes, so that there is something cathartic in the film for everybody.

There is also *A Little Romance*, in which an adolescent American girl living in Paris with her family runs off with a French youth of her own age; they are united by their shared love for the works of Martin Heidegger, except when he writes about that "bore" Hölderlin! These young geniuses are hoodwinked by an elderly French conman (Laurence Olivier, in his worst movie performance to date) who, as an alleged aristocrat, joins them on their travels and steers them toward Venice where, as he tells them, lovers who kiss in a gondola at sunset under the Bridge of Sighs can never be parted. The kids are parted nonetheless, but the old crook is redeemed by them, and, who knows: Paris is only a couple of hours from America as the Concorde flies.

Then there is *Lost and Found*, a perfectly dreadful little comedy about academia as Hollywood imagines it, by Melvin Frank, an archetypal unreconstructed Movieland hack, still concocting the same schlock he purveyed in Doris Day movies decades ago, except



that now we get hilarious references to pubic hair.

On a somewhat higher plane, there is *Moonraker*, the 11th in the 007 series, in which Bondmanship—after stopovers in California, Venice, and Rio—takes our hero and his intrepid mistress from the CIA to outer space (I told you this was on a higher plane), there to battle it out with the evil Drax, about to destroy the Earth and repeople it with the progeny of his chosen blond young men and women; quite a few of the latter he has earmarked for himself, even though he is distinctly dark-haired—but, then, so was Hitler.

There is still a little fun left in the stenciled nastinesses and double entendres, e.g., Drax to his Oriental manservant, "Look after Mr. Bond—see that some harm comes to him"; or Bond, upon raiding a mortal enemy's champagne: "Bollinger! If it's '69, they were expecting me." And at times there is still that vintage comic excitement, as when Bond, in free fall from a plane he has been heaved out of, wrests a parachute from one of his enemies in midair and floats to a happy landing; or when, pursued by gunmen in motorboats down the canals of Venice, his gondola reveals its true identity as an amphibious speedboat, and races onto the Piazza San Marco to the stupefaction of everyone, pigeons included.

BUT, UNDER Lewis Gilbert's lackluster direction, things become progressively more mechanical as well as mechanized, and by the time we are confronted by yet another routinely spectacular Ken Adam set—outer-space hardware ostentatious enough to make the *Star Wars* crowd blink with disbelief—and after we have had our fill of Roger Moore's and Lois Chiles's less than stellar glamor, we have ample time to reflect on how much more fun the lines, gimmicks, and plot twists used to be in the days of Sean Connery. Why, even the girls were prettier then. And I don't recall, in those more literate days, hearing from the lips of a sexy blonde "exquisite" boorishly accented on the second syllable.

With the new *Dracula*, we are once again down to earth, and not only in the daytime, when the protagonist seeks the comforts of a Transylvanian-soil-filled crate, but even after dark, when, despite an unusually strong contingent

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f bats taking to the air, the movie itelf remains earthbound. Probably the iggest problem was the uncertainty in ıe minds (I am speaking loosely) of the lmmakers whether to make a traditional chiller or a comic send-up in the ıanner of some recent stage productions of the work, from one of which rank Langella, the current Dracula, ıas recruited. Moreover, the screenıriter, W. D. Richter, was obviously ıfluenced by the new Dracula literaure (a minor industry in recent years), ıhich approaches the material with a reudian trowel, and turns a grain of nalytical insight into a silo of silliness. he women in this *Dracula* drool alnost visibly at the first glimpse of the rotagonist, under which circumstances he casting is particularly unfortunate, or Langella portrays a Dracula not so ıuch from Transylvania as from Transestitia.

Nor is the rest of the cast well chosen: ate Nelligan comes across as too intelgent and not beautiful enough for ucy, the quintessential amsel in distress; Trevor ve turns Jonathan Harer into a graceless bumpin; the part of Renfield so confusedly written ıat even a better actor ıan Tony Haygart could ave done little with it; onald Pleasence is comelled to play Dr. Sewrd as a gluttonous imbecile, but he oes so with an alacrity above the call f duty; and Jan Francis is a Mina hose reduction to a ghastly blooducking ghoul seems less a transmogrication than an apotheosis. That leaves nly Lord Olivier, who is a delightful an Helsing, with a Dutch accent vastı more fun than his fractured French ne in *A Little Romance*.

John Badham has directed with an lmost infinite variety of bad directoril choices, of which the grossest is the urning of the climactic—what shall I all it?—*Liebes*suck scene not into anyhing scary, sexy, or even funny, but into a montage of now-recumbent, nowpright silhouettes against a fanatically ed background, looking like a set of articularly distressing examples of Soiet poster art. There is an Ossa of loopoles piled on a Pelion of self-contraictions throughout, most notably in he final scene. Here, in a cutesy reverHelsing, who, however, without exactly becoming one of the undead, manages to impale his killer on a hook; by the rope attached to it, Harker then hoists the vampire into the sunlight where he shrivels, first into a mummy, then into something halfway between a bat and an old rag flapping in the wind. This object flies away into the distance, spelling ambiguously either Dracula's doom, if the film makes no money, or the promise of a sequel, if it does. Praiseworthy, though, is the subtly various color cinematography of Gilbert Taylor; John Williams' score, too, has a certain trashy fascination.

Two films about the capers of growng up surpass the rest of this summer are. *Breaking Away*, which Peter Yeats directed from a script by Steve Tesich, s the often amusing and generally likble tale of a young Bloomington townwhose fixation is the winning of a ig Italian bicycle race, and who practices equally dedicatedly his biking and is Italian to the delight of his mother, the dismay of his used-car-dealer father, and the razzing of his three best friends. There are also several entertaining entanglements with Indiana University students, especially the coeds, and there is the usual racing footage, enlivened however by the cynical maneuvers of a visiting Italian bike team, whose members respond to our hero's adulation with foul words and fouler deeds worthy of *Ben Hur*. There is a quiet, quizzical sagacity about *Breaking Away*, whose plot holds some surprises amid the almost unavoidable predictabilities of the genre, and whose performances by a relatively or wholly unfamiliar cast are uniformly enjoyable.

PEPPERMINT SODA is the story of the maturing of two French-Jewish sisters, 13 and 15, in a year filled with political unrest—Algeria, the assassination of JFK, and so on. Written and directed by Diane Kurys—obviously the younger, introverted sister, both jealous and proud of her prettier but more superficial elder—the film follows the well-worn path of such works: life-and-death struggle with eccentric teachers, bringing up Mother (their parents are divorced, and Father is merely a friendly, ineffectual revenant), the school play, quick flirtation with a classmate's dad, and so on. Yet it is, on the whole, skillful and sensible in its rapid, unsentimental forward thrust combined with good humor, just observation, and engaging dialogue, especially when the youngsters speculate about sex. The teachers are not caricatured excessively, and though neither sister is enacted brilliantly, some of the supporting performances display charm, insight, or vigor. A nice film, except in its moments of high seriousness, which have a way of falling flat. □

TELEVISION

TUBE POLITICS

M. J. SOBRAN

American media politics assumed its present character during the Sixties, beginning with the black power movement. Those were the days when the word "black" itself was foisted on us by the radical wing of the civil rights movement—or rather by that wing's admirers in the media. We have long since accepted the word, but it is worth recalling that most black people didn't like it. That illustrates the media's power to alter the national vocabulary.

Some wag quipped at the time that Stokely Carmichael had a following of fifty blacks and five hundred newsmen. I thought of that while watching NBC's coverage of the feminist Establishment's latest do in Cincinnati. This time the formal title was the National Women's Political Conference. Last time, in Houston, it was the National Women's Conference.

It isn't really a very broad-based (so to speak) movement: the same people always seem to run things—Steinem, Abzug, Harris. Only the titles and sites change, as the New York- and Washington-based clique shifts its act around the heartland trying to look populist. Lately they have muted their stress on lesbianism, which is not an obsession of Main Street, in favor of votes, jobs, abortion. But the movement seems to be petering out.

They have achieved one thing: the

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word "women," in the media, is becoming a synonym for "feminists." If the new feminism fades away, it will not be because the media are getting more sophisticated about manipulators, I suspect, but because the viewing public is getting bored. The invisible majority of women has little in common with the movement that purports to speak for them. The feminist Establishment basically wants what all the other minority elites want: more federal programs. I think it is fair to say that the feminist "movement" is nothing more than the ladies' auxiliary of the New Class.

SPEAKING OF manipulation, NBC News has found a new reporter: Jon Alpert. He is supplying the network with news film from Nicaragua. His slant is decidedly pro-Sandinista.

Alpert is known principally for a few documentaries he made with a small team called the Downtown Community (uh-oh) Television Center. I have seen two of their efforts. One was a puff job on Castro's Cuba; the other a puff job on the new Vietnam (I wrote about it in *NR*, May 12, 1978). Alpert narrated both in his eerily soft voice. He is a master of cool propaganda. He shows happy scenes of life under Communism, with just enough reference to marginal discomforts to make his perspective seem critically objective. He makes little reference to official ideology, and briefly mentions marginal discomforts like Cuba's rationing of cigars and sugar: a Commie propagandist wouldn't admit that, right?

After Somoza's fall, Alpert's work was featured on *Today*. Still a freelance, he had been on special assignment for NBC, perhaps because the Sandinista trusted him (not without reason). His clips of jubilant Nicaraguans were accompanied by his voice-over: "The Nicaraguan people spent a week celebrating their victory over Somoza." (Somoza's backers don't count as Nicaraguan people.) No mention of Marxism. Newsman Richard Valeriani asked Alpert about that; he admitted that some Sandinista had "socialist tendencies," but then, many of "the people" believe in socialism. That satisfied Valeriani. "Great work in Nicaragua," he said.

A RECENT *Firing Line* had a fascinating showdown between Father Andrew Greeley and the Reverend Donald Harrington, a Unitarian minister and the chairman of New York's Liberal Party. A Liberal spokesman had lately accused Senator Moynihan of "pandering to the Catholic vote." It is one thing to question tuition tax credits on separationist grounds, another to use this kind of language.

Harrington argued that anti-Catholic bigotry had been wiped out by John F. Kennedy's election. Greeley replied: "I think the election of John Kennedy eliminated much of the grassroots bigotry. I don't think it eliminated the elite bigotry, and I think when the Liberal Party accuses someone of pandering to Catholic votes, that convinces me that the bigotry is still there. It's the choice of language. You would never accuse anybody of pandering for [sic] Protestant or Jewish votes but you accuse somebody of pandering for Catholic votes."

Harrington countered that the man who made the remark was a Catholic. Greeley replied that "some of the worst anti-Catholics in the country are the people that have sold out to [the] liberal intellectual elite as the price of gaining acceptance. There were Jewish trustees in the concentration camps." He went on to speak of Catholics as "under-represented" in elite strongholds like the foundations and universities.

THEN DR. Harrington gave the game away: "There is a past and there is a history that has [sic] caused a kind of fear on the part of non-Catholics. Take Poland—what happened to the Reformation in Poland? . . . It's largely forgotten because it was totally, utterly, completely wiped out in the Counter-Reformation led by the Catholic Church using civil power. (But if it's largely forgotten, the fear must be carefully cherished, no?) "Well, that's four hundred years ago. Let's forget four hundred years ago. [Most of us have.] But we can't always forget because there are residues of fear. Or I would say there is now once again an element of fear that is based on what the Church is doing with respect to, let's say, abortion."

That was Dr. Harrington's answer to why Catholics aren't getting jobs at Harvard. It is like justifying antisemitism on the grounds that if the Jews killed Christ, who knows what they may do to the rest of us. Thus the chief spokesman for New York "liberalism." And right in front of the TV cameras. Privately, people think and say all sorts of awful things. What they dare to say on television reflects—and shapes—the tone of our public discourse. □

TRAVEL

PASSAGE TO ALASKA

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

The *Princess Patricia*, all six thousand tons of the old girl, cruises regularly every summer between British Columbia and Alaska, carrying 320 passengers and eighty crew by way of the Inland Passage from Vancouver to Skagway and return. As cruises go, a trip on the *Pat* cannot qualify as exciting, sophisticated, or exotic—none of the above—but it can be wonderfully restful for the person whose dearest desire is to travel two thousand miles without hearing a telephone ring.

The ship ends each cruise in Vancouver at 9 o'clock of a morning and departs anew at 8:30 that same evening. She offloads passengers, baggage, laundry, garbage, used playing cards, and the kind of trash that results from the inevitable masquerade ball; and she takes on new passengers, baggage, fuel oil, $30,000 worth of foodstuffs, and miscellaneous gear, down to a dozen rolls of crepe paper in various colors. The fire-drill discipline is the result of 16 years of practice. When it comes to profits, a cruise ship earns none at all in port. The *Pat* operates with the spare economy of Finnegan's final report. Built in 1948 as a ferry, and remodeled in 1963 as a cruise ship, she long ago was paid for, free and clear. Her 151 staterooms bring in $302,000 per cruise. After deducting agency commissions and meeting operating expenses, the owners can count a tidy profit from 18 cruises every summer.

Despite the efficiency of their little money machine, the Canadian Pacific management faces a hard decision this autumn. Under regulations laid down by the United States Government, the *Pat* must install holding tanks for sanitary sewage by the first of January. The estimated cost is $750,000. It is a large and perhaps irrecoverable in-

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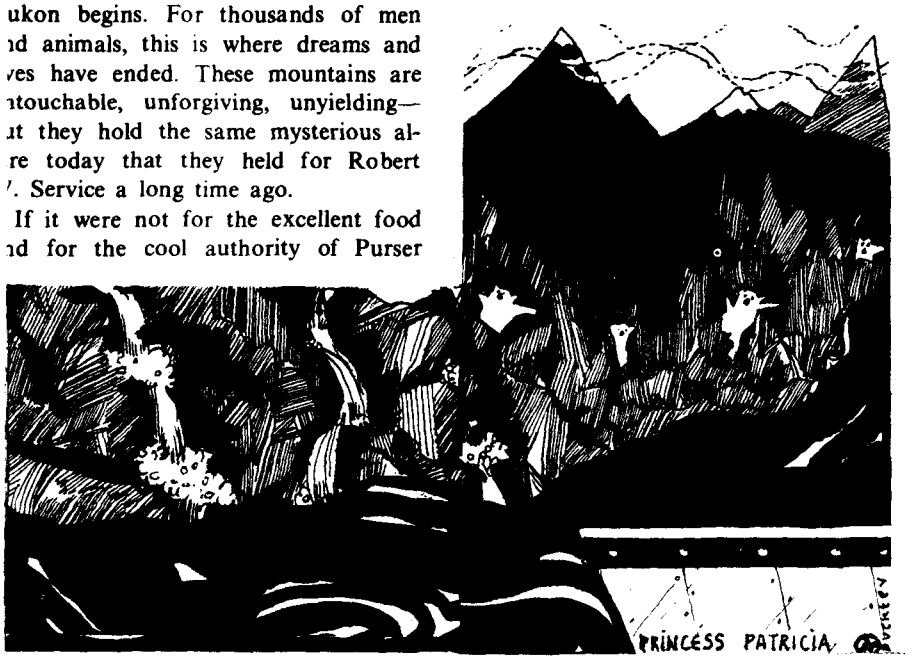
stment in a vessel as old as this one, id the requirement strikes many obrvers as stupid to boot. In the deep, st-rushing waters of the lightly trav-ed Inland Passage, the *Pat*'s pollution n hardly be significant.

None of these considerations matters uch to the passengers. The *Princess itricia* is not only without telephones; e is also without television, without dios, without a ship's newspaper, ithout casinos, without an orchestra, ithout a swimming pool, and without recreation director. How many cruise ies can make the same claims? An our out of Vancouver, silence folds on the little ship like the wings of a lack Monarch. At these latitudes a alf light lingers until 10 or 11 in the ening; the mountains, mist-shrouded, low-capped, rise in dark masses to rm the nearby shores. At Glacier ay, the ship floats, dead slow, as silently as the ice floes around it. Like ages from fairytales, the eight days e illustrations from Grimm or Anersen. Central casting should provide olls to guard the hundred waterfalls at plunge, diamond white, into the de waters.

The excitement, such as it is, comes om stops at Ketchikan, Skagway, and neau, and, on the return to British olumbia, in Prince Rupert and Alert ay. At Skagway, passengers can ride Bennett aboard a narrow-gauge ain; given minimal imagination, it is o problem to see ghosts of the Gold ush days. In this somber vastness the ukon begins. For thousands of men id animals, this is where dreams and es have ended. These mountains are ntouchable, unforgiving, unyielding—it they hold the same mysterious alre today that they held for Robert . Service a long time ago.

If it were not for the excellent food id for the cool authority of Purser Harry Burchill, a cruise on the *Pat* might strike the jaded traveler as more dull than restful. The meals are the responsibility of chef Barrie Hayes, 29, who came to the *Princess* after 12 years in the kitchens of top hotels from London to Hong Kong. This is his first experience in the difficult art of seagoing cuisine. Despite antiquated ovens and inexperienced help, he is doing an exceptional job; his ambitious menus offer three entrees for luncheon and five others for dinner, and every day is different. Mr. Burchill has 35 years of service with Canadian Pacific, a couple of years more than Captain Raymond Hudson, who has 33. The captain does whatever captains do, including dining with the guests on second serving. Mr. Burchill does everything else, and he does it *positively*. The voice of the Lord could not be more clearly commanding: "Visitors must now leave the ship!" He repeats things for emphasis: "You will please form in single lines – in single lines!—for the immigration officers." "I am now prepared to settle your accounts." "You will go ashore from the port side, the *port* side." Queuing up before Harry Burchill prepares one for queuing up in single lines—in single lines!—before St. Peter. We must all, soon or late, settle our bar bills with some celestial Harry before docking at the great Vancouver in the sky. If one's journey to hereafter is as quiet and comfortable as a slow boat through the Inland Passage to Alaska, it should be a pleasant cruise. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHO WAS JACK RUBY? *by Seth Kantor (Everest House, 242 pp., $10.95).* For anyone who followed the recent House Assassination Committee hearings, this volume is an invaluable source. In many ways it parallels the avenues explored by the Stokes Committee. Kantor goes further, however and hints at a conspiracy linking Cuban-based organized-crime figures, elements of the Dallas Police Force, and the Castro regime. His case is hardly airtight, but he develops it undogmatically, and is not loath to pursue any evidence, whether or not it is congenial with his theory. The book is an engrossing mosaic of observations focusing on the seedily violent Ruby, an aberrent and puzzling figure who had ties to such disparate groups as the FBI, the mob, the Dallas police, Cuban gunrunners, and the Hoffa-dominated Teamsters Union. Particularly fascinating are the Dallas nightclub owner's shuttlings back and forth to Cuba after Castro seized power. Kantor has also produced a careful critique of the Warren Commission's hurried and shoddy investigating techniques. *Who Was Jack Ruby?* provides few solid answers, but it does raise significant new questions, which it presents in a highly readable manner.

DAVID PIETRUSZA

PARISWALKS, *by Alison and Sonia Landes (New Republic Books, 232 pp., $5.95).* It is difficult to believe that what the world needs is yet another guidebook to Paris. But if the book is *Pariswalks* by Alison and Sonia Landes, it is much more difficult to believe that anyone could resist its unique combination of charm, wit, erudition, and practicality. *Pariswalks* is a revised and expanded version of an earlier edition; the somewhat awkward title can be forgiven because of its exactitude in describing the authors' distinctive method of exploring the five oldest neighborhoods of Paris. The writers, a congenial mother and daughter, present step-by-step walking tours of five *quartiers*, four on the Left Bank, the fifth centering on the Place des Vosges. Both the *quartiers* and what the Landeses have chosen to say about them convey a sense of the city, its life, and its people seldom achieved by even the most assiduous tourist. Long sojourns in Paris, a charming inquisitiveness of mind, wry humor, and a gift for sketching the historical perspective differentiate Alison and Sonia Landes' work from any run-of-the-mill guidebook. *Pariswalks* is as captivating for the wistful, would-be traveler as it is indispensable for those with ticket in hand.

RENE KUHN BRYANT

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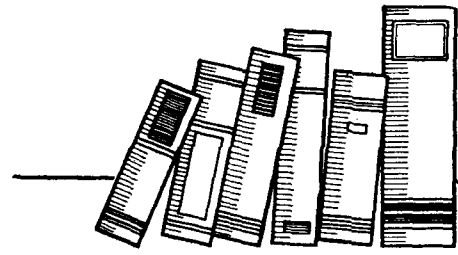

Dark Horses

VICTOR LASKY'S latest book, *Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth* (Marek, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016; $12.50), might well have been subtitled, *It Didn't Stop with Watergate* (he has, in fact, a chapter heading to that effect).

With his usual diligence, Lasky has ransacked the Carter record from stem to stern, beginning with the President's initial forays into the worlds of Georgia business and politics, and carrying through contests for governor, service in the statehouse, the race for President, and conduct in the Oval Office. The net conclusions are that Mr. Carter, politically speaking, doesn't stand for much of anything, will instantly reverse himself on major issues if such behavior is convenient, and in other respects deploys a public image directly counter to the facts of his career.

A few examples: When Carter ran for governor in 1970, he successfully portrayed his Democratic primary opponent as an "ultraliberal," conveying to backers of Lester Maddox and George Wallace that Carter was on their side. Once in office, he reversed this impression—a 180-degree turn—getting himself depicted on the cover of *Time* as a leader among a "New Breed" of moderate Southern governors. Lasky documents similar turnabouts on state right-to-work laws, Vietnam, the trial of Lieutenant William Calley, etc.

The 1970 primary set another Carter pattern—that of posing as a poor outsider running against the rich Establishment. Lasky shows that Carter had multiple connections to the very business/banking Establishment he attacked, and that he vastly strengthened these connections when he was governor. The same routine was practiced in the national arena; again, Carter posed as a foe of the Establishment (and as a relative conservative) in order to win the early Democratic primaries, even as he was being groomed in globalism by the David Rockefeller/Zbigniew Brzezinski Trilateral Commission; once in office, he staffed the key positions in his regime with products of this quintessentially Establishment organization.

Indeed, Lasky shows that Mr. Carte was able to get away with these an numerous other such shenanigans, pre cisely because he was anointed as th '76 front-runner by the Establishmen media, which inflated Carter victorie in Iowa and New Hampshire and down played his defeats in New York an Massachusetts.

Throughout this volume, Lasky con trasts the media treatment of Carte (including campaign "dirty tricks," con flict-of-interest charges involving peopl close to the President, and explicit de ceptions) with the very different treat ment meted out to Republicans durin the era of Watergate. To grasp the fu enormity of the contrast, we need onl turn to Maurice H. Stans's memoir, *Th Terrors of Justice* (Everest House, 113 Avenue of the Americas, New York N.Y. 10003; $10.95), describing the tra vail of one Republican who, innocen of wrongdoing, was nonetheless dragge through the muck of Watergate.

STANS, THE FORMER Secretary of Com merce, served as finance chairman fo the Nixon re-election committee in 197 Because of this service, he was pillorie in the press, harassed by the Senat Watergate Committee, indicted by grand jury in New York, and subject ed to constant pressure from the specia prosecutor's office. The charges agains him included the allegation that he wa a knowing dealer in illegal "secre funds," involved in "laundering" mon ey, engaged in pressuring corporat givers, and implicated in selling ambas sadorships—none of which was true.

In a moving and well-written narra tive, Stans sets forth the story of thi vendetta, the toll it took of his pe sonal and professional life, and his ult mate vindication in the courts. Mean while, those who are guilty of as much o more under Jimmy Carter go blithely o about their business. Indeed, it didn' start, or stop, with Watergate.

—M. STANTON EVAN

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POLISHCHUK
(Continued from page 1026)

ke chance fellow travelers. As we went own another staircase, the two Soviet ›ies were boarding the plane. At that ıoment I still did not know about them . . We were told about the exchange ıter.

"Two American officials had got on ıe plane before our departure and told s that we were going to the U.S.A., ut they never said a word about the xchange. I only knew that I was going › America because the prosecutor, ear- er that day, had informed me that the 'residium of the Supreme Soviet of the 'SSR had stripped me of Soviet citi- ənship. He told me: 'Your life in the .S.A. will be just awful! You'll want › come right back to the USSR! How- ver, because of your criminal record ıe Soviet government must punish you ·ictly and exile you from the USSR.' "

What an ironic symmetry: both the oviet prosecutor and the U.S. officials oncealing from the men most directly ıvolved the reason for their release.

A Miracle

At the time of the historic demon- tration by hundreds of Baptists before he headquarters of the Communist 'arty's Central Committee in Moscow ı 1966, when Vins was arrested and ent to a concentration camp, I was a espected Soviet journalist and a mem- er of the Communist Party.

Vins was released in 1969 and lived ınderground until March 1974, when he ·as again arrested. By that time I had vercome my fears and joined the ıovement for civil rights. I had become ·ell acquainted with many Baptists and 'entecostals in the USSR, and I had ided them in their struggle for religious reedom in the Soviet Union. I had not net Georgi Vins, however: at the time vhen increased KGB pressure forced ne to leave the Soviet Union, in the utumn of 1977, Vins was carrying his ross in the snow-covered concentration amp of Yakutia.

On the day of my first meeting with Georgi Vins, we went to a small Rus- ian Baptist church not far from Jersey City. Here he preached his first brief ermon on U.S. soil.

"Brothers and sisters in Christ," Georgi Vins said, "three days ago I was iving in extremely harsh conditions, never expecting to be able to preach the word of God again. All I dreamed of was to have a quiet corner somewhere and to be able to hear the word of God without hindrance.

"I consider it a miracle that I am here, among you. I never expected to find myself in a church sitting next to Broth- er Carter, the American President.

"Two years ago, in a concentration camp, I was summoned before the chief warden of the camp, who said to me: 'So where is your God now? Either there is no God, or He does not care for you!'

"I said to him: 'My Lord lives. Only He knows why I am here. He has His plans which He fulfills. Only He has ab- solute knowledge of everything. What the people know is built on sand.' "

Later on Vins was asked some ques- tions. The pastor wanted to know the difference between "registered" and "un- registered" Baptists in the Soviet Union.

Vins answered sharply, in contrast with his usual patience and mildness. This reaction requires a bit of explana- tion: There is little difference between the rank-and-file believers in the "regis- tered" and "unregistered" congregations. But the *leaders* of the "registered" VSEKhB (All-Union Evangelical Chris- tians-Baptists) are quislings who coop- erate closely with the authorities. And the objective of those authorities is the total annihilation of religion in the USSR. Vins is secretary of the council of the "unregistered" Baptist churches. Hence his reply: "We never had and do not have now any spiritual ties with the leadership of the VSEKhB."

An American pastor, Reverend Elias Golonka, who also heard these words had told me three or four months ear- lier that he believed Bychkov and Zhid- kov—the heads of the VSEKhB—were honest men: "I believe that they are exemplary Christians. Please don't say anything negative about them."

When Bychkov and Zhidkov visit the United States, with the approval of the Soviet authorities, Reverend Golonka accompanies them and translates their numerous touching testimonials about religious freedom in the USSR. He is their interpreter. They come here fairly often, unlike rank-and-file Baptist be- lievers, who are never allowed to visit this country.

For that reason I was rather puzzled when I saw that the State Department had assigned Reverend Golonka to act as Georgi Vins's interpreter. □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MARGARET CHASE SMITH:

Equal Rights

I was a cosponsor of [equal rights] through the years, but women made a great mistake when they asked for extension of time. They're fighting for equality, and yet they go right off and ask for special extension treatment that other constitutional amendments had not been given. (The bracketed words were "ERA" in the interview, which appeared in *United States News & World Report*. Mrs. Smith served in the United States Senate from 1949 to 1973, following service in the House from 1940 to 1949. She did not let defeat go to her head.)

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NICOLAIDES

(Continued from page 1031)

him two or three times a day, while Daniel Ellsberg has become his foreign policy guru. Brown's first "major foreign policy speech" was an endorsement of the SALT II Treaty and a denunciation of Carter's proposal to build an MX missile system. He wants "mass transit for people, not missiles."

It now seems clear that Brown's latest bid to win the all-out backing of the Hayden-Fonda axis was a fatal miscalculation. The furor over the Edison Miller appointment shows not the slightest sign of blowing over. Miller has insisted he did nothing wrong in Hanoi, nothing he regrets. But the very day he denied making propaganda broadcasts for his Red captors, Ray Briem, a high-rated ABC radio talk-show host, played tapes of Miller's broadcasts monitored from Radio Hanoi during the war. Les Gonzales, the commander of Orange County's 75-member chapter of American Ex-Prisoners of War, added that as far as he was concerned Miller's close association with Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden would be sufficient grounds alone for objecting to his appointment as County Supervisor.

Then on Friday, July 20, one week to the day after the Miller appointment, Brown was dealt three devastating blows in Sacramento.

1. The California Senate, by a lopsided vote of 28 to 5, rejected Brown's nomination of Jane Fonda to the state's Arts Council. One senator expressed shock that Brown would nominate a "traitor" to any post in government.

2. The Legislature overrode Brown's veto of an overdue pay raise for state workers.

3. The University of California Board of Regents handily voted down Brown's proposal that the University sever all connections with defense-related research.

Jerry Brown, it appears, has paddled a little too hard to the left. Now he's up a creek without one. Poor Jimmy Carter hasn't been smiling much lately. He hasn't had much to smile about. Now he's entitled to a good old grin as he watches his would-be rival plummet to earth after trying one too many tricky flips on the political trapeze with fellow swingers Jane and Tom and Dan. □

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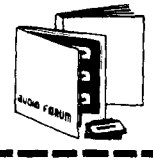

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Hang On to Carter

On The Right

New York, July 22—Before the discovery of the June 23 tape (after which it was generally conceded that President Richard Nixon simply had to go) one of the arguments most forcefully used against his impeachment was that the very act could destabilize not merely the President, but the Presidency. The argument was not without merit. Mr. Ford's interregnum proved no problem, but here we are with the first genuine successor, and there is actually talk now of a Carter resignation. Not only Young Americans for Freedom—impatience goes with youth—but Professor John Roche of Tufts and Professor Jeffrey Hart of Dartmouth, both of them syndicated columnists and men of huge ability and perception, have called on Carter, for the good of the country, to step down. John Roche is specially qualified to evaluate the fragility of Carter, having stood by Lyndon Johnson during the bitter years before Johnson was, in effect, made to step down, though the resignation was orderly. The thesis is that Carter can no longer govern.

Even so, it would be a mistake. All of us harbor at least one unconstitutional fantasy. Mine, were I given plenipotentiary power, would be to abolish polls. Their volatility both proves their superficiality—and enhances their newsworthiness. Carter, with 26 per cent public approval, climbed 11 points after a theatrical speech arriving at epicene conclusions. Instantly we are advised by all the networks and the press that Carter's popularity has increased by 50 per cent. A huge smile of contentment issues out of the White House. But then we are reminded that so it was after the success of Camp David, but that the popularity proved to be short-lived. A groan issues out of the White House. Political advisors fire thunderbolts of advice, and consider themselves justified if they can raise the popular estimate of the President. When it reaches so low a level, it is said that the President is without effective power—"incapable of governing," to use the conventional phrase. The proposed remedy? Resignation.

But resignation (unprecedented in American history until Nixon) does not achieve the same effect that resignation does in parliamentary governments. A resignation by Mr. Carter would bring in as President a man selected by Mr. Carter who has loyally supported Mr. Carter's policies. Although inevitably the staff would change, over a considerable period it would remain the creature of the predecessor President, even as Lyndon Johnson hung on to so many of the advisors of Mr. Kennedy. A resignation in Great Britain means, more often than not, a general election. A change in party leader (e.g., when Anthony Eden yielded to Macmillan, Harold Wilson to Callaghan) makes a substantial difference because the new leader controls the Parliament and can therefore effect his will in matters of policy. There is no comparable power in the new American President.

The political temptation is to snipe at the carcass of a fallen President. The Democratic Congress of 1931 to 1933 delighted in frustrating major proposals by President Hoover. Beginning in the spring of 1973, when it appeared that Richard Nixon's Presidency was coming apart, the Congress took maximum advantage of him, most especially in failing to provide the support necessary to maintain our half of the agreement on Vietnam. That is a temptation responsible legislators should resist. Although Mr. Carter is a failed President, the business before the nation continues to merit conscientious transaction by Congress and the regulatory agencies. SALT II, whether misbegotten or not, should be considered on its merits, and by all appearances is being considered on its merits, never mind that its progenitor was Jimmy Carter. The President's failure to slow down inflation does not excuse Congress' prodigality. However ardently one might wish for a President with true courage and skill, we are better off in the long run resisting such plebiscitary passions as Mr. Gallup inspires. Most informed people agree that the public is correct in its assessment of Mr. Carter, but to believe this is not an excuse for ratifying the public's right to interrupt the four-year tenure specified by the Constitution. It is likely that in the dark days of 1862, Abraham Lincoln's popularity reached the low level of Jimmy Carter's.

Under the circumstances, however skeptical one remains about the ability of Mr. Carter to get his act together, as they say, one should really wish him success. Mor one should encourage him, cooperate wit him when he is correct, resist the negativ mindset that Congress indulged itself i against Nixon. Asking Carter to go now an act of self-indulgence. We voted hi four years in office, and even if he h not kept his promises, we ought to kee ours.

ON COOL DEBATE AND PROBABILITIES

New York, J ly 28—When t World Council Churches held meeting of theologians and scientists Cambridge, Massachusetts this week, t resulting headline read: "Nuclear Hol caust Feared/By Science-Theology Parley Summarized the AP: "A draft resoluti said, 'Sharp changes by the superpowe toward a counterforce strategy are so d stabilizing that sober scientists estimate nuclear holocaust is probable before t end of the century." Sober scientists shoul n't use the word "probable" so loose The notion that to strengthen your cou terforce capability—military lingo for wh you have left to fire at them after they fi at you—is destabilizing, is perversely m taken. The very objective of that strate is to keep them from firing at you in t first instance.

The combination of ideologue-scientis and WCC-theologians is a dangerous ph notype, alongside which Three-Mile Isla is as harmless as an ice-cream parlor. B there is a pacifist movement cranking u you watch. The preliminary blossoms a discernible everywhere, including in t least expected quarters. James Jacks Kilpatrick, than whom nobody in t world is wiser except when he makes mistake, devoted almost an entire colun to the horrors of nuclear war. He end it with grudging criticism of SALT II, a with the sentences, "But I would separa the cause of strategic arms limitation fro this particular treaty. As we love our c ies, as the Russians love theirs, we mu keep striving to avoid the realities that beneath the scholarly papers, beyond t cool debate."

But the reality is the reason why we ne

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ool debate. If the Soviet Union were to-orrow to agree to throw its nuclear arse-al into the sea, a cool debate as to wheth-r we should go along is precisely required. Why? Because there are other nations with uclear arsenals. Because the overwhelming ictical strength of the Soviet Union would ave Europe powerless. Because Winston Churchill may not have been wrong when, t MIT in 1949, he said that the atom omb might paradoxically prove to be the ost effective weapon for peace in history. esides, the Soviet Union isn't going to ive us the option—unless we elect Dr. trangelove as President.

COOL THOUGHT tells us that so gruesome nuclear warfare that one should not articularize its awfulness. Coroners have o probe mangled corpses: that is their pro-essional obligation. We are spared that equirement, having logged in our judg-ent the basic argument: 1) War is awful.) Gulag is awful. 3) Warlike capability ecessary to contain Gulag is therefore es-ential. What the theologians and scientists hould be working on is that devil in hu-an nature that cheers on genocide, looks ustfully at other countries' wealth and urderously at other peoples' freedom: a evil whose headquarters is in Moscow.

The WCC is the excellent target of a ew book by Ernest Lefever called *Am-terdam to Nairobi: The World Council of Churches and the Third World*. It shows ow desperate is the need for cool debate bout how the WCC is behaving. That or-anization was recently in the news for iving a cash grant to Robert Mugabe, the ost active terrorist in Africa, whose vic-ms include Christian missionaries. This justified by what the churchmen call lib-ration theology. This modern heresy sup-oses that the Third World would profit om going the way of Mao rather than e way of John Stuart Mill. In his intro-uction to the book, George Will quotes a ithering observation of Professor Peter erger:

"There may be all sorts of normative ssumptions underlying the new Christian ftism—about the moral imperatives of the ospel, about human rights, about egali-rianism, and so on—but the application f these norms to concrete sociopolitical tuations depends on a cognitive grid: This is what the world is like.' Thus we re told that capitalism is intrinsically ex-loitative and oppressive, that socialism y contrast is intrinsically 'liberating,' that merica is the most violent nation on arth, that racism is endemic to Western ulture, and so on. These and comparable tatements are not primarily normative; ather, they purport to be statements of act. And the most important criticism to e made of the new Christian leftism is ot that it promulgates false norms, nor that it is theologically mistaken, but that it is based on demonstrable misconcep-tions of empirical reality. Put differently: 'What is most wrong about liberation the-ology is neither its biblical exegesis nor its ethics but its sociology.'"

"The chance that a prescribed event will occur is represented by a number greater than 0, and less than 1," writes Wayne Biddle in the current *Harper's*. "You can, for instance, calculate that the probability of sunrise tomorrow is less than 1. This should not be cause for concern, however. By the same token, if the probability of a runaway reactor—a nuclear explosion—is figured to be 'astronomically small' we can discount it almost as easily as that cold, black dawn. The calculations can be tricky." The probability that we will die in Gulag is far higher than that we will die in an atomic holocaust. If either happens, it will be for the lack of cool debate. □

HOW TO RESIGN

New York, July 26—Books on etiquette have a way of neglecting to inform you of the correct way to proceed in other than workaday situations. Last fall I opened the pages of Letitia Baldridge's new edition of Amy Vanderbilt's book, to see what was the proper form for congratulating a Cardinal on the selection of a particular Pope—and found nothing. Today I opened it to see what is an appropriate letter of resignation when you have been dismissed by a President as a member of his Cabinet. Incredibly, once again I found no entry . . .

Surely Joe Califano's letter to Mr. Carter is an example of how it *oughtn't* to be done? Begin with the reality: Mr. Califano was fired—f-i-r-e-d by President Carter. He wasn't fired because Califano wasn't performing as Secretary of HEW. Quite the contrary, Califano was a Stakhanovite Secretary of Welfare. He is a man of immense energy. His appetite for social work is the largest since Eleanor Roosevelt's, about whom James Burnham once wrote that she looked upon the entire world as her personal slum project. Joe Califano would have loved it if Congress had tripled his budget, and perhaps tossed him also responsibility for running transportation, the mails, the environment, and Andy Young, to name just four national headaches. You may have complaints against HEW, as who doesn't—Joe Califano's predecessor once told Meg Greenfield of *Newsweek* that one of the things he had to worry about on Christmas Day was how to persuade women students at the University of Arizona to go out in greater numbers for basketball, otherwise under the law he'd have to cut all subsidies to Arizona on the grounds of sex discrimination. But you shouldn't complain about the way Joe Califano handled what is after all his legal mandate.

So the President calls him in and—Califano tells the press—the President says he has done a "superb" job, but that the President is undertaking a reorganization, etc. etc. Politicians tend to speak even face to face in the Aesopian mode. This got so bad at one time between President Nixon and Interior Secretary Walter Hickel that, taking mercy, Walter Hickel finally said to the President, "Do you want to fire me?" To which Nixon answered something on the order of he would be immensely grateful if Hickel left.

So Joseph Califano, fired for doing his duty but failing sufficiently to pleasure the Georgian *capo* Hamilton Jordan, goes back to his office to dictate a letter of resignation. And what does he say? He goes on and on about his gratitude to Carter for serving. He goes on and on about the wonderful work of HEW—three or four paragraphs that must have been taken from his standard speech about the responsibilities of governments of the halt and the lame. Then a cautious paragraph about how anyone who discharges the responsibilities of the Secretary of HEW vigorously is bound to initiate "controversy." The references there are to Califano's anti-tobacco stand, which hurt the feelings of the tobacco growers, and his insistence on taking over the University of North Carolina, which hurt the feelings of the people designated by the state of North Carolina to run the University of North Carolina, and then he finished with the sentence, "I wish you well as you continue striving to fulfill the enormous responsibilities of your office, and to build upon your achievements, of which you can be justly proud."

THAT sentence really stretches the stylistic requirements of good sportsmanship. It comes closer to Uriah Heep, Sycophant, than to Knute Rockne, Good Sport. In the first place, one has to think *extremely* hard to come up with a "list" of the achievements of the Carter Administration, maybe even calling in a researcher. In the second place, clearly Carter thinks it *one* of his achievements that he fired Joe Califano. So that Califano is congratulating Carter on firing Califano, who has done a superb job.

If I should be invited to suggest an entry for the next edition of Amy Vanderbilt, I'd suggest as appropriate to the occasion: "Dear Mr. President: Herewith the resignation you requested. Yours truly, Joseph A. Califano Jr." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An office filled by Grover Cleveland almost a century ago — 17 8 47 188 29

B. A circle with a southern exposure — 27 129 24 106 78 9 1 22 39

C. Is this gun a *historical* weapon? — 51 186 151 79 128 93 124 12

D. One who is enterprising, aggressive, and successful — 170 104 195 5 146 172 183 126

E. This handsome first-class tutor might be cut off with one shilling — 190 67 13 135 101 56

F. To defeat decisively — 60 76 14 82

G. Timothy's mother — 68 57 15 178 185 3

H. An important part of the earth — 74 94 58 180 173 71 154

I. GROG SELF — 105 4 31 118 107 26 11 38

J. One of these United States — 86 84 48 155

K. The heavyweight boxing champion, 1932-1933 — 113 152 116 102 64 131 30

L. Nickname of Henry Percy (not Charles!) — 115 75 83 72 176 18 189

M. A description of certain teeth — 7 162 191 32 19 41 181 103

N. Ruined head covering plus a character in *II Henry IV* comes but perversely — 40 73 49 143 34 167 109

O. A member of the cat family — 33 25 37 50 53 62 2

P. Stabbed — 10 156 20 187 59 132

Q. An American painter (1755-1828) — 137 157 81 77 166 138

R. A contagious disease caused by a certain *mite* — 153 120 21 110

S. A small Old World songbird — 182 28 35 69 65 90

T. The scene for *The Comedy of Errors* — 196 85 158 42 117 97 147

U. Poseidon — 23 52 87 66 134 169 177

V. A feature of the rooftop — 127 54 43 61 184 88 95

W. Epic poetry — 150 174 119 161 136 171

X. To chant — 175 130 36 139 145 98 44 111

Y. A period of time named for a Roman god — 6 45 99 112 63 16 125 142

Z. Irreverent uses of the name of God — 80 114 121 100 163

a. A fancy name for a rake — 108 96 133 192 141 159 89 122

b. A mask — 140 144 149 91 46 160

c. Andrew Jackson's first secretary of war — 55 168 164 148 194

d. Henry L. Mencken's associate (1882-1958) — 92 165 70 123 193 179

		1 B	2 O	3 G	4 I	5 D	6 Y		7 M	8 A	9 B	10 P	11 I	12 C	13 E	14 F	15 G	16 Y
	17 A	18 L	19 H	20 P	21 R		22 B	23 U		24 B	25 O	26 I		27 B	28 S	29 A		30 K
31 I	32 M		33 O	34 N	35 S	36 X		37 O	38 I	39 B	40 N	41 M	42 T		43 V	44 X		45 Y
46 b	47 A	48 J	49 N	50 O	51 C	52 U		53 O	54 V	55 c		56 E	57 G	58 H	59 P	60 F	61 V	62 O
63 Y	64 K	65 S	66 U		67 E	68 G	69 S	70 d	71 H	72 L	73 N		74 H	75 L	76 F		77 Q	78 B
79 C		80 Z	81 Q	82 F		83 L	84 J		85 T	86 J	87 U	88 V		89 a	90 S		91 b	92 d
93 C	94 H		95 V	96 a	97 T		98 X		99 Y	100Z	101E	102K	103M		104D	105I		106B
107I	108a		109N	110R	111X		112Y		113K		114Z		115L	116K	117T		118I	119W
120R		121Z	122a		123d	124C	125Y	126D		127V	128C	129B	130X	131K	132P		133a	134U
135E	136W	137Q		138Q	139X	140b	141a	142Y		143N	144b	145X	146D		147T	148c	149b	150W
	151C	152K	153R	154H	155J	156P	157Q	158T	159a	160b	161W	162M	163Z	164c		165d	166Q	167N
168c	169U	170D	171W		172D	173H		174W	175X	176L	177U		178G	179d		180H	181M	182S
183D	184V	185G	186C		187P	188A	189L		190E		191M	192a	193d	194c	195D	196T		

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1054 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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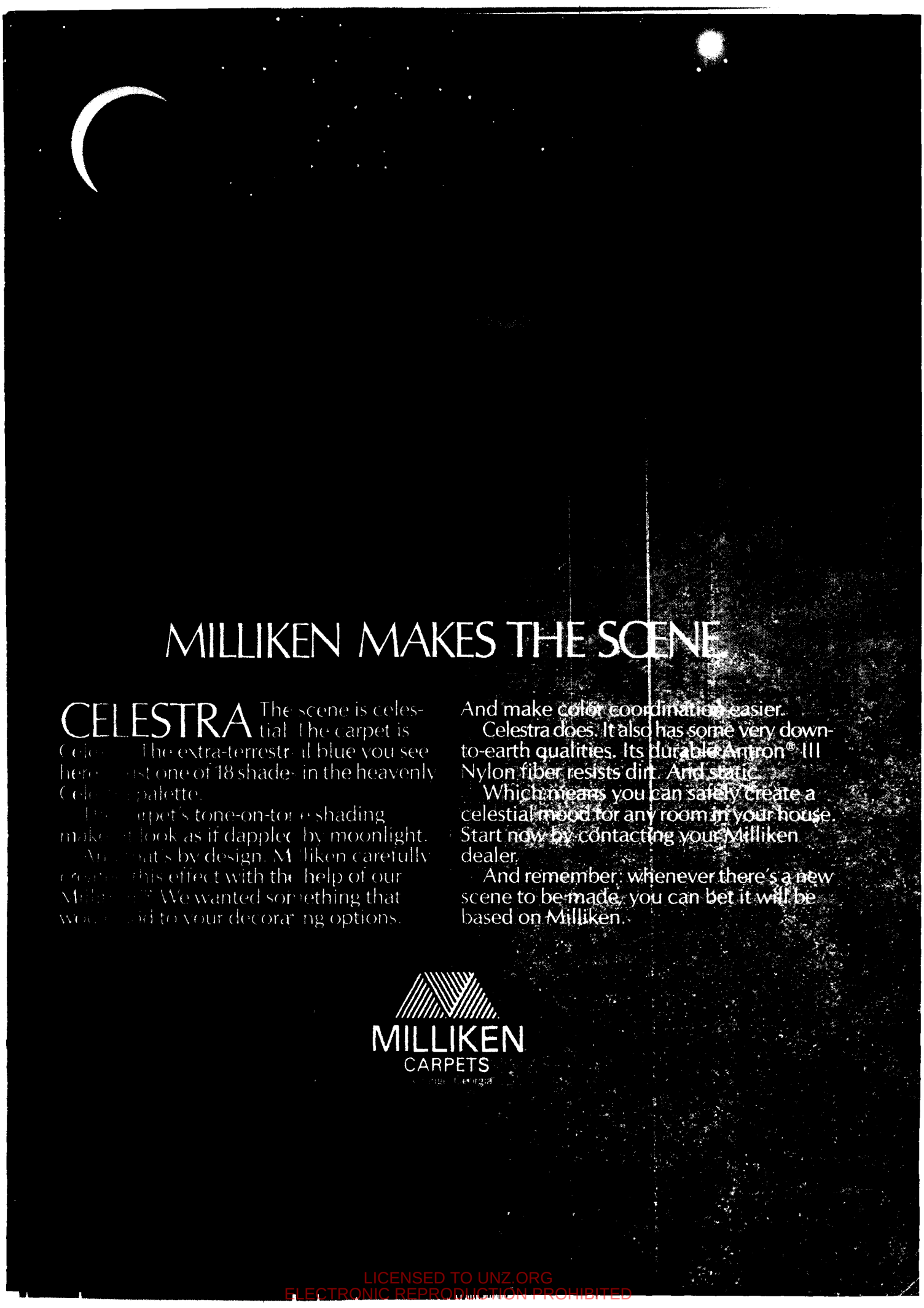
MILLIKEN MAKES THE SCENE.
CELESTRA The scene is celestial. The carpet is Celestra. The extra-terrestrial blue you see here is just one of 18 shades in the heavenly Celestra palette.
The carpet's tone-on-tone shading makes it look as if dappled by moonlight.
And that's by design. Milliken carefully created this effect with the help of our Milliken II. We wanted something that would add to your decorating options.
And make color coordination easier.
Celestra does. It also has some very down-to-earth qualities. Its durable Antron® III Nylon fiber resists dirt. And static.
Which means you can safely create a celestial mood for any room in your house. Start now by contacting your Milliken dealer.
And remember: whenever there's a new scene to be made, you can bet it will be based on Milliken.
MILLIKEN
CARPETS

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Rich Lights
from Viceroy

The rich low 'tar.'

Taste richness you never thought you'd get in low 'tar.'

Kings and 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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